HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. I.—No. 14.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1857. [Price Five Cents.

THE PULPIT.

On the 25th of May, in the year 1636, we learn from one of the valuable quartos containing the Colonial Records of Massachusetts, that the Governor and a Committee were "entreated to make a draught of lawes *agreable to the Word of God*, wch may be *the ffundamentall of this Commonwealth*, and to present the same to the generall Court." And it was further ordered, "that in the meane tyme the Magistrates and their associates shall pceede in the Courts to heare and determine all causes according to the lawes nowe established, and *where there is noe law, then as neare the law of God as they can*; and for all business out of Court, for wch there is noe certaine rule yet sett downe, those of the Standing Counsell, or some two of them, shall take order by their best discrecon, that they may be ordered and ended *according to the rule of God's Word; and to take care for all military affaires* till the next generall Court." We suppose there is no great difficulty, after reading this extract, to divine where the idea of what is familiarly called the Higher Law originated.

If, indeed, we were at any time likely to forget the extent to which the notions that properly belong to a theocracy entered into the original education of the New England mind, it would be constantly recalled to us by the daily manifestations of that active, vigorous, and sagacious intellect, as we see it manifested on the broad pathway which it has opened, and now chiefly occupies, from the Massachusetts Bay through Western New York, Northern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—the broad pathway on which it is still advancing toward the setting sun. Of all the exhibitions of that New England intellect none are more striking than the influence of the clergy, mediate and immediate; and the habitual disposition of the descendants of the Puritan fathers to submit the direction of the affairs of this world to the rules to be found, as they suppose or assert, in the *Word of God*. Of this we are now having a striking instance.

Immediately upon the introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, in 1854, which brought, or threatened to bring, the institution of slavery into territory claimed as pledged to free labor, there came a vehement protest against the measure from the clergy of New England, denouncing it as unjust, immoral, irreligious, and atrocious. This protest was very injudiciously treated with arrogant defiance by some of the leaders of the dominant party at Washington, and the strife at once became fairly engaged. The consequence has been that, from that time to this, for the last three years, through the discussions growing out of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the recent Presidential struggle, and the Dred Scott decisions, a large portion of the clergy of the Northern States have been actively engaged in the political warfare, and have acted really, if not avowedly, as most efficient advocates of one of the great political parties of the day. This is a matter, with reference to the present and the future, far too important to be overlooked or lightly treated.

It is of the utmost importance in regard to the future fortunes of parties. The clergy of the North, of the New England school, are a very able, highly-educated body of men; as a body, of eminent purity and simplicity of life. They are men of small means, coming daily in contact with all classes of our population, and it is inevitable that their influence must be great. At a moment of closely-balanced parties, it may be conclusive and controlling.

Nor are the present political tendencies of this portion of the clergy of any less importance or moment in regard to themselves—their order, and their own highest and best interests. The Protestant clergy of the United States are utterly without support, except that which they derive from the confidence in their flocks excited by their wisdom and their virtue, and the attachment of their congregations to the doctrines which their pastors profess. They are, indeed, in some aspects, in a position of painful dependence. The fervor of our religious toleration has pushed the principle to its extremest limit, and every kind of connection between the Church and the State has been severed and abandoned. The Protestant clergy has, too, in its front, a formidable rival—a rival appealing, with infinite ingenuity and dexterity, to some of the most constant and controlling passions of the human heart, and backed by the most perfect organization that the world has ever seen. In this state of things, it is little to say that the permanent power and influence of the Protestant clergy of the United States depend on the sagacity, good sense, and discretion of their conduct.

It *is* a question of sagacity and discretion. As a matter of abstract right, who can dispute that of the clergy to make the subject of politics the theme of their discourses? What is, or should be, politics, but good morals and sound principles applied to the government of public affairs? How can it be pretended that the teachers of morals and religion have not the *right* to advise their flocks in regard to the most important of earthly matters? If the fair and false Mary seek to restore Catholicism in Scotland, shall not John Knox thunder against her? If a second James desires to re-establish the despotism of the Tudors, shall not the Church defend its own rights and those of its children? If Great Britain desires to perpetuate a system of colonial subjection, shall not the ministers of God's Word stimulate and arouse the people to opposition? And so through the whole range of political questions. War—finance—slavery—every political topic that greatly arouses the temper and passions of the nation—will be found largely to affect its moral interests. It is impossible to draw any line. It is idle to deny the abstract right of the clergy to express their opinion, and to give their advice, in regard to any subject that enters into the moral conduct of men.

But the question of expediency remains: of expediency—a much-abused word—sometimes perverted to mean the aims of selfishness, secured by low arts and petty devices—but which, in its truer sense, means the highest and best interests of individuals, party, or mankind. And the real point is this—is it expedient for the Protestant clergy of the Northern States to enter the political arena on the subject of slavery, and to assume a position which necessarily and inevitably identifies them with one of the two great political parties of the country? Is it wise—is it discreet—is it, in other words, expedient—to do this?

No more serious question can be addressed to human beings, and none requires more earnest and painful reflection. We believe, however, that but one answer can be given to it, if approached in an anxious desire to arrive at a conclusion favorable to the best interests, as well of politics as of religion, of the clergy as of the country.

It is certainly obvious to any one who looks the thing in the face, that the clergy are not fitted, by their education or experience, to take a leading or controlling part in the warfare of politics. Their education, their segregation from the daily contests of life, the habitual withdrawal of their minds from the cares and strife of the world, assuredly do not fit them to act sagaciously and efficiently in an excited party-contest—certainly do not well prepare them to mingle with the coarse and selfish men who do so large a portion of our public work. They may be capital tools—it is impossible that they should be leaders. They may raise the whirlwind—it is impossible they should direct the storm.

All the experience of the world shows that the most frightful contests have been those which have been imbittered, not guided—exasperated, not controlled—by the partisans of the pulpit. The English, the French, the Dutch, the German religious contests and wars, which form the history of Europe for a century and a half, are, from one end to another, full of the terrible consequences of the commingling of the waters of political strife and religious controversy. These contests were terrible necessities, but if there is any one lesson which this people ought to have learned, it is, that religious questions are not the proper themes of political controversy, except, indeed, in those last dreadful emergencies, when brother might contend against brother, to secure all for which life is worth having.

Again, what is there in the education of the clergyman to fit him for the assumption of a dogmatical right to inform politicians and statesmen of the world how given matters of legislation are to be regarded and treated? He is a theorist, necessarily a theorist—they the most practical of all practical human beings. He says it is right—they reply that his right is nonsense. He says you *ought* to do it—they reply, if we do it we shall all be ruined. To the legislator, the clergyman says, "This law is immoral;" the legislator replies, "Reverend Sir, my duty is to govern this people on some practical plan. It is absurd to tell me such a measure is wrong, unless you will suggest something better. With me, the law that appears calculated to secure good order, tranquillity, prosperity, or the nearest approach I can make to it, is right. That is my standard. How can you tell me it is *wrong?*—suggest something better." To the judge or the jurist the clergyman says, "Your law is a crime—your decision is an abomination;" and the jurist replies, "What do you mean? Do you intend to tell me that you know better what the law is than I, whose cheeks have blanched and locks whitened under its study; or that I ought to decide, and in deciding make, the law according to your standard of right and wrong?"

In brief, how is the country to be governed? By the clergy according to *the Word of God*, or by the statesman according to his enlightened expediency, and by judges according to fixed and settled rules? Are we to have a theocracy or a democracy? which is it to be?

But again, where do the clergy find the grounds for their absolute confidence in their opinions on the subject of slavery and of its management? The Northern clergy and the Southern clergy are on this point diametrically opposed to each other. The best men of the North are themselves diametrically opposed; even the clergy of the North are themselves divided on this subject into two absolutely hostile camps, arrayed very nearly on sectarian lines. It is not a month since one of the bishops of the Episcopal Church has taken, on this subject, extreme Southern ground. Where do the political portion of the Northern clergy find the excuse for the arrogant denunciations which they pour out upon all who differ from them on this difficult and perplexing subject? The Northern clergyman declares slavery to be the greatest of sins; the Southern clergyman proves it out of the Bible all right, from Abraham to Onesimus. The Northern clergyman says slavery is the disgrace, and will be the ruin of the Union; the Northern conservative holds the Union to be the palladium of the country—if not of the world—and that all the evils connected with slavery are trifles compared to any serious attacks on the Confederacy. Who is to decide? Have the anti-slavery clergy of the North received a special revelation on this subject? Where do they find evidence to show that they are all right, and the rest of mankind who differ from them all wrong?

Again, what is to be the effect of this line of conduct on the churches of the North? Will the flocks be converted or the preachers be abandoned? We suppose a little of both, dependent on the eloquence of the one and the independence of the other. We suppose that, in some cases, the fervid oratory of the clergyman will sweep his congregation along on the tide of fury and fanaticism; and that, in others, the congregation will meet their pastor with indignant and irreverent dissent. Is it not apparent, in either case, that the interests of the Protestant churches of the North must most seriously suffer? Instead of religion, the congregations are learning politics; instead of teachers of moderation, humanity, gentleness, kindly feeling, and brotherly love, the pastors are breathing arrogance, violence, and unfraternal discord. The tie of religious harmony is either wholly loosed, or replaced by what is a mere political fellowship. The clergyman, instead of a friend, adviser, guide, and parent, becomes a political bell-wether. If, in this state of things, the religious interests of the North do not seriously suffer, it must be because they are saved by that higher Power which so often overrules the madness and folly of man.

In truth and in fact, the subject of slavery, like every other subject of human legislation, forever comes back to the homely question, *What are you going to do about it?*

When the clergyman, of whatever denomination, shall be able to point out some practical efficient remedy for the evils of the institution—some substitute for it, which shall at once secure the rights and interests of both master and slave, he will be listened to with respectful deference and earnest attention; till then his invectives against the owners of slave property are arrogant, unjust, and unchristian.

When the clergyman shall be able to devise some measure which shall place three millions of human beings on the footing called for by the doctrines of equality and justice, and at the same time not paralyze the industry and destroy the interests of twenty millions of whites, the proposition will be received by eager, willing, and admiring auditors; till then his denunciations of those who are honestly endeavoring to uphold this great and complex form of government are presumptuous, ignorant, and futile.

When the clergyman shall be able to draught a code of laws which shall do justice to white and to black, which shall reconcile some of the most painful problems that have tortured the mind of man for ages, ardent millions will embrace the legislation; till then, to pretend to sit in judgment on an upright, learned, and intelligent judiciary, who are striving to reconcile the inconsistencies and incongruities in our highly artificial system, is imbecile arrogance and audacious folly.

In a word, then, the abstract right of the clergy to discuss any question relating to the moral duty of man is undeniable. But so long as the topic of slavery is one upon which political parties are arrayed hostilely against each other—so long as the best men of the country differ in their sense of duty in regard to it—so long, above all, as no practical remedy is devised to cure the evils flowing from the institution—so long, discretion, moderation, humanity, fraternal love, a decent respect for the opinions of others, a true attachment to our common country, and a wise regard for the best interests of the Church, all unite to forbid the clergy from leaving their august position to mingle in the selfish, vulgar, and brutal contests of the political arena.

AFTER WALKER, WHAT NEXT?

The news from Central America is of that vague and uncertain character that partisans on both sides derive comfort from each successive mail. The difficulties surrounding Walker are prodigious; but the energy of the man is immense. It is certain that the Costa Ricans can not obtain money from Peru, as they expected. But the evidence of mutiny among Walker's men seems trustworthy. Walker is shut up in Rivas; but the Costa Ricans will soon have to return home to plant and sow. Walker was driven back from San Jorge, and Lockridge from Castillo; but the more they are beaten, the more the filibusters fight. Of all the items bearing on this most momentous contest, the most important, without doubt, is the news that a reconciliation is likely to be effected between the Garrison and Vanderbilt interests, and that a revival of the Nicaragua transit line may be expected.

We do not desire to prejudge events; but let us assume, for a moment, that Commodore Vanderbilt and his filibusters succeed in driving out Walker and his filibusters—what must the friends of Central America expect in that event?

From the Declaration of Independence in 1821, to the establishment of the Nicaragua Transit Company, the history of the whole of Central America—except, perhaps, parts of Costa Rica, where foreign influence was paramount—may be summed up in two words: war and rapine. There was neither peace, nor industry, nor agriculture, nor law, nor safety for person or property in any part of the country for any twelve consecutive months. If the Guatemalian republics had been a South Sea island, peopled by cannibals, they could not have been a fouler disgrace to the age, or a greater inconvenience to their neighbors. So far as the facts showed, their people were radically incapable of self-government.

When the discovery of the gold in California,

and the immigration thither which followed, rendered a safe transit through Central America an object of paramount importance to the United States, facilities were afforded to the Accessory Transit Company for acquiring an absolute Sovereignty over Nicaragua, and the United States government did not scruple even to destroy the port of Greytown in order to confirm that sovereignty.

This is the record of the past. Now, the Accessory Transit Company is to be found in Mr. Vanderbilt's breeches pocket. The only authority that will survive the expulsion of Walker will reside in the handful of filibusters, led by Spencer, and paid by Vanderbilt, who make no pretension to be settlers—and in the natives of the country, the same natives who, for nearly thirty years, had no better use to make of their independence than to rob, and to steal, and to burn, and to cut throats, and whom the pending war must have impoverished and exasperated. What is the prospect that these men, when left to themselves, will establish institutions worthy of a civilized age—will afford, for the first time in their career, satisfactory guarantees for the safety of life and property—will offer to the people of the United States any decent security for a new transit route?

There is an old saw about the frying-pan and the fire. Let us ask ourselves, like sensible men, not partisans—When we have got rid of Walker, what next?

THE CURE-ALLS.

When an eminent physician of London expressed his surprise at his own small practice, and the large business of a notorious quack, the latter bid him look at the crowd of men and women in the street, and tell him how many he thought were wise and how many fools.

"Well, one perhaps in a hundred may be wise," was the answer.

"Then," replied the quack, "that is your patient, and the ninety-nine are mine."

So it is, undoubtedly, as the charlatan frankly confessed, the fools who support quackery; and some might be disposed, perhaps, to leave them to the quacks and their own folly. Humanity, however, would have little to do, were it to give its helping hand to suffering wisdom alone. It has a wider duty, and has its penny and its balm for the wants and wounds of folly too. We shall limit our benevolence to a word of advice, which we especially commend to the victims of quackery.

Apart from ignorance, which is at the bottom of this evil of charlatanism, as of all other evils, there is the undue faith in the efficacy of medicine which is the next most powerful support of quackery. It may be as well then to state at once, that there is no certain cure for any known disease, and, *a fortiori*, no panacea or cure-all for the ills that flesh is heir to. The philosophy of medicine recognizes no such thing as a specific. And when we are told that this or that drug will surely remove this or that malady, we may be confident that a knave or a fool has our ear. We may judge of the uncertainty of the action of medicine, when we reflect upon the fact that the doctors are still disputing to this day about the efficacy of numberless remedies in certain diseases, in the treatment of which they have been tried for hundreds of years. While each individual is acknowledged to possess a peculiarity of constitution—while, in other words, no two men are alike, how can there be any certainty in regard to the specific effect of any drug whatever upon any single person?

There is an effect, however, produced by drugs upon all persons without exception, which it would be well to bear in mind; that effect, however it may vary in different cases, is the disorder of the natural functions of the body. Medicine poisons, more or less, every one who takes it, and in the most promising instances is only efficacious by substituting a disorder of its own for that under treatment. Sick people, therefore, should only swallow a drug when there is a certainty that the supposed remedy is not worse than the disease; and people in health, never. Now it takes a doctor, and the best one is often at fault, to decide as to the proper medicine to use, if any, in the first instance; as for the second, no advice is necessary, and if any one is so great a fool as to think of physicking himself under such circumstances, we may rest assured he will neither ask for advice nor take it if he gets it.

The whole philosophy of the administration of medicines is this: the production of an artificial disease, in order to destroy one that is natural. When a man is in good health, and takes any medicine whatsoever, he voluntarily afflicts himself with a disease; and if, when ill, he swallows the wrong drug, he adds another malady to the one of which he is already the victim. It is obvious, therefore, that even the sick had better not be physicked, than physicked wrongly. Those who take their advice from the advertisements of quackery, and buy and use the nostrums accordingly, necessarily lose their money and their health, and get nothing for their bargain but disease.

It is well known, that although the cities are the great producers of quack medicines, it is the country alone that is the consumer. Do our rustic friends, in the freshness of their verdant nature, suppose that the great Dr. Burdock himself, when he sickens in his splendid palace, built at the expense of their health and money, swallows a bottleful of his own "Panacea?" No! whatever may be its supposed effect upon country constitutions, he prefers to trust his bloated, city carcass to the prescription of science, rather than to any of his own bottled charlatanism. Let our country friends do as the magnificent Dr. Burdock does, not as he says; and by following his example, and avoiding his advice, they may keep their money in their pockets, and their health in their bodies.

We are aware how difficult it is to close the ears to the most brilliant of promises, conveyed in the blandest of terms; how hard it is to shut the mouth to the pill "which has never failed to cure" your disease, or any one else's; and to the potion "which is the only sure purifier of the blood!" It does seem like throwing ourselves in the face of Providence, to resist these generous proffers of benefit. It does look as if we took delight in being sickened with disease, and as if we indeed, as some of us ungramatically say, did "enjoy" very bad health. If we may trust Dr. Burdock, he is unquestionably a benefactor of his race, and his Panacea the best gift to humanity; but we have more trust in science than to take either his word or his physic.

LORD PALMERSTON'S GOVERNMENT AND THE CHINESE QUESTION.

We mentioned in our last number that the Palmerston Ministry had been beaten by the opposition on the Chinese question. Further details of the event are given in another column. The facts are simply that a coalition of Conservatives, Peelites, and Radicals have obtained a majority of sixteen over the Government on a question eliciting no violent opinions; and that the Premier, instead of resigning office, has announced his intention of carrying on the Government until the heavy business of the legislature shall have been transacted, and then appealing to the country by a general election. The apparent meaning of the defeat is, that a majority of the House of Commons disapprove of the energetic course pursued by Sir John Bowring in China. The real meaning is, that a certain class of politicians in England desire office, and seek any means of turning Palmerston out to get it. There is, in fact, no principle involved in the transaction.

It is impossible to foresee how a new election might turn out. But it is quite certain that neither of the two great parties opposed to the present Government—the Conservatives and the Radicals—can muster strength to form a stable Government. Hence, in the event of the Palmerston party being defeated at the polls, a coalition Government, with Lord Derby at its head, would be pretty certain to succeed to power, and equally certain to break down in a few months. And it may be taken for granted, with the same confidence, that, whatever party obtains the ascendency, the policy pursued toward China will be the same. Captious objections may be made to the course pursued by Sir John Bowring; but, at bottom, every one knows that the real issue involved is whether the Chinese shall fulfill their treaty obligations or not; and as the interest of England in compelling them to do so is immense, no apprehensions of a definite abandonment of the contest need be entertained.

OUGHT THE SPIRITUALISTS TO BE INDICTED?

We have before us several returns from Insane Asylums, from which we learn that Spiritualism is rapidly becoming one of the principal causes of insanity in this country. Within the past four years several hundred persons in the Northern States have lost their reason, either permanently or temporarily, from this cause—among them, valuable citizens and persons of good repute and obvious usefulness. Simultaneously, we ascertain that the spiritual circles which were at one time so much in vogue in this city, but which attract less attention now than formerly, are still pursuing their career, and inviting the unwary to destruction.

We think this thing has been too long neglected by the police authorities. If it be the office of these authorities to indict and suppress disorderly houses, gambling dens, and other places of ill fame, as nuisances, it is surely their business to lay hands on these spiritual circles, which much more obviously belong to the category of nuisances. If health, repute, and fortune, are to be protected, surely reason—the divinest of God's gifts—deserves a little regard.

No one that is sane believes that any useful purpose is served by spiritual circles. No one who has read the accounts of their proceedings can doubt that knavery and imposture constitute the chief stock in trade of their managers. And no one who has examined the statistics of insanity can doubt but they operate influentially to increase the numbers of the insane.

We put it to Mayor Wood and to District-Attorney Hall whether such manifestly useless and such palpably noxious establishments ought not to feel the hand of the law. We put it to them whether the creatures who despoil a poor young man of his reason and blast his life forever, are not as deserving of punishment as the knaves who cheat him at faro, or the unfortunates who sully his purity and imperil his health. The law is broad enough and clear enough; nuisances can be abated, if there be a desire to abate them. We ask, with all respect, do the Mayor and District-Attorney desire to abate this one?

When Spiritualism was in its infancy it seemed a harmless delusion—a mere ephemeral folly, which persecution might have helped. We now know it. It is so foolish a folly that no amount of persecution could create sympathy for it; yet so dangerous that it costs us, on an average, seventy minds a year. Is it not time to attend to it?

One word more. In felling trees, you must strike at the strongest part of the trunk, not at the branches. In dealing justice to Spiritualism, the hand of the law should fall, not on the paltry rogues who have eked out a living by cheating through its aid, but on the men of character and standing who have given it countenance and respectability. We are sorry to be personal; but we shall best enforce what we mean, if we say that the aberrations of men like Judge Edmonds have been a matter of ridicule long enough. They are making lunatics every week; it is high time they were a subject of penal inquiry.

THE MONSTER IN THE CELLAR.

Crime is disease, and Glauber salts would often be more effectual in its prevention than whipping-posts and prisons. Who ever committed murder after a dose of castor-oil? Squeers the schoolmaster was no fool; statesmen might follow his example with profit, and govern by daily dosing, at an immense saving of words and policemen. In one month Doctor Brandreth would make the Five Points the most moral spot in the city of New York; and that famous locality, instead of being the resort of thieves and moralizing English travelers, would close its dens, and, from surplusage of goodness, send forth missionaries to Fifth Avenue. These are only suggestions for statesmen, and thoughts to be carried out by abler pens; our duties at present lie in another direction. We wish to show that crime is not only disease, but, like the pestilence, travels epidemically as well as sporadically. At one time the rage is for suicide, and people rush from monuments and housetops, or pitch themselves into rivers, with an eagerness that looks as if they were afraid of losing eternity by delay; at another, they betake themselves to forgery. Now there is a stampede among bank clerks, and again it is fashionable villainy in high life, when the world is startled by seeing luxurious west-end and titled bankers, together with dashing Redpaths and Carpentiers, suddenly snatched from their repose on Turkish carpets and transferred to the straw-covered stone floors of a dungeon.

But of all crimes which seem to have raged among mankind with uncommon fury at stated periods, that of *poisoning* is the most remarkable, and hitherto the most terrible, because at once the deadliest and most difficult of detection. The deeds of the Borgias in the fourteenth century are well known. The art of poisoning was then in its full vigor. It was a science, and its professors scarcely made a secret of their work. Pope Alexander is said to have been an adept in this branch of learning. Poison was his Prime Minister—the recruiter of his finances; and that officer was kept constantly busy in making vacancies among the cardinals, whose estates, after their death, reverted to the Pope, while other rich priests were in turn selected to fill the vacant cardinalate. This lovely band of Borgias had two kinds of poison, the solid and the liquid, the secret for making which remained for a long time in their own family. The art of preparing the first is lost, but the last was made by collecting the foam from the mouth of a boar to which a strong dose of arsenic had been given. This foam was received on a silver plate, decanted into a bottle, and hermetically sealed, after which it performed its insidious part at many a gay supper table.

This epidemic gradually died away with the Borgias and their immediate descendants; but in the seventeenth century it raged again with surprising fury in France. Voltaire speaks of the consternation caused in the court by it. Many of the aristocracy were implicated, and among them were numbered some of the most beautiful women of Paris. An Italian named Exili seems to have been the depositary of the art of death at this time, and he found an apt pupil in the Chevalier St. Croix, who not only learned all that his master knew, but made farther discoveries himself, and finally fell down dead by accidentally inhaling the fumes of one of his own preparations. Like Alexander and Cæsar Borgia, he was a martyr to toxicological science.

The Palmers and Doves of the past summer have again startled the world on this point, and, for a while, caused every man to look with suspicion on his neighbor. These sad cases show us that, if science has increased our means of detection, she has also increased those of evading detection.

But the grandest triumph of the art has been reserved for America, and New York City for the particular theatre of that triumph. Here we may deride the efforts of the old Italians, who, with refined cruelty, endeavored to play their victims between life and death, as a cat toys with a mouse. We may laugh at their *solid* and their *liquid* poisons, and at the aristocratic limits of its practice. We have invented an *air* poison; and instead of playing with our victims for days and months, we can play with them for years; now bringing them down from full health to languor, and from languor to disease, and then restoring them again to vigor without their even suspecting the cause. We can wither the flesh from their bones, and blanch their cheeks, and dry the blood in their arteries, and yet the poor victims are entirely unconscious of the presence of their torturers.

There is a Lucretia Borgia in every cellar!

And there, deep under ground, she works, concocting poison during all the bright hours of the day, and through all the black darkness of the night. And assuming the shape, while doing the deeds, of a monster, this ogress belches up continually through her brazen gills into our halls, parlors, and bedrooms, her deadly mephitic fumes.

Such a monster is the New York Furnace! We respectfully suggest they be named Borgias!

It is surprising that such an abomination ever obtained vogue among civilized people. Better the brazier of the Spanish, which can at least be pitched out of the window when disagreeable. We have never seen a people that dread fresh air so much as the Americans. They bound out of it as a cat jumps out of water. Enter almost any one of our houses, the more fashionable the better, and you shall be saluted at the door with a rolling cloud of noxious vapors and burning air that reminds one of the opening of the gates of Milton's hell. The manly-framed Englishman, with rosy cheeks, that enters such a house, leaving an atmosphere of zero behind him, naturally pants for breath; he examines the parlor thermometer, and reads 70°, 75°, and even 80° degrees sometimes; he complains, and is called by a Miss in her teens a granny; but a glance in the looking-glass soon satisfies him as to which of the two is the granny. He presses his hands upon his temples, and inwardly exclaims, "Oh! happy Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego!"

Our cold climate is no excuse for this abuse. Nature will not accept of excuses for evils against which she has provided proper remedies; and we may be sure punishment will follow our oft-repeated and sudden changes from a poisoned temperature of 70° to one of zero. We have sheep as well as coal-mines (blessed be sheep!), and depend upon it, *Exercise, Flannels, and Roast-beef are the best fuel!* What is lacking in these may easily be supplied by open fire-places. We fear the doctors will lynch us for disclosing this secret; but we are willing to die for the truth, and are sure that our tombstone will never bear the words, which, if the truth were known, would be the epitaph of so many Americans, viz.:

Died of a Borgia!

A PRINCIPLE ESTABLISHED.

Colonel Lee, of Washington, having been assaulted in the Pension Office with a stick by Mr. Hume, a merchant of Alexandria, shot him dead. For this he has been tried and acquitted, under the instructions of the Court. Thus the principle is established that a citizen when assaulted by another with a stick may take away his life in self-defense.

CHAT.

SPRING TOPICS.

When we sit down for our Saturday gossip with the unnumbered readers of *Harper's Weekly*, we are tempted, for the moment, to envy the daily Editor who, morning or evening, takes his darling Public by the button-hole and says his say upon the current event of the hour, while it is yet fresh and glowing with all the novelty of a new fact. It is poor sport to shoot Folly, except as it flies; and the first shot just as it rises on the wing, poised for upward or distant flight, he only can have who is always on the watch, and always in advance. There are grave texts which every day's experience is reading in our hearing; but his is the rarest opportunity who can intercept the sound before it falls on the universal ear, and blend with its approaching tones the echo of his own interpretation. The news which waits for us in the morning paper beside our coffee and rolls, or which we grasp from newsboys on our homeward way at night, or reserve for the slippered leisure of the fireside, never comes to us pure and simple, but always through some medium which gives it a form and pressure of its own. Our thinking and moralizing, like our washing, is "done out," or done by somebody besides ourselves, and that somebody who has the power of doing it for thousands of people, day in and day out, who takes them at early dawn, at midday, and at night, and stamps his proof impressions on their minds, can not charge his failure of success to want of opportunity. Fortunately for us, time and change never stop long enough to allow any opportunity to be exhausted, or the facts and events which they bring to light to be monopolized by any process of daily journal-

ism. There is many a neglected side and unnoticed element in them all from which to glean their truest significance, and point their profoundest moral. It is not in the rush of great events or in the crowd of flagrant novelties that we seek for the staple of our column of chat. We have on hand and in preparation a new and choice assortment of spring topics, which we propose from week to week to open and display, woven chiefly from the dropped threads and loose ends of the entangled web of daily fact and movement—coined from the chippings and filings rather than the solid bullion. But the true ring of the metal may be in the chippings and filings as well as in the ingot, and there is always in all the lights and shadows of our current life a brighter glow and a deeper background than any one at first sight is apt to fancy, and which we must discover if we would enjoy.

ROTATION.

Did ever three syllables of sound fall with more direful forebodings from the lips of fate than these three on the ten thousand Collectors, Surveyors, Postmasters, and other incumbents, great and small, of those comfortable berths with which Uncle Sam has lined the Ship of State, forward, aft, and mid-ships? We all knew that to the victor belonged the spoils, according to the first article of the creed political; but that the victor would signalize the hour of triumph by decimating the generals, captains, and corporals of the army which had fought his battle and carried the enemy's posts, was an unimagined consummation. It requires no extra amount of sagacity to predict that the new principle of rotation and the old fashion of desertion, will present another familiar exhibition of the union of cause and effect. But what could Mr. Buchanan do? If there is any human passion more violent than the desire to retain office when one is in, it is the desire to get into office when one is out; and the pressure of the outsiders for admittance is, of course, harder to resist than the mere retentive force of the incumbents. The non-commissioned must be promoted, and when the end of the fight leaves as many candidates on the list as its beginning, the dilemma is apparent. "Few die, and none resign," said Mr. Jefferson, speaking of the Judges whose life-tenure seemed to perpetuate their power of endurance, and make them proof against all chance and accident. Rotation, says Mr. Buchanan, answers all the purposes of mortality and resignation, and solves the problem. When will men learn that the post of honor is a private station? We commend to the phalanx of retiring officials a study of the wisdom of Sancho Panza, when he exchanged, as many of them are about to do, the cares of government for private life and the congenial society of Dapple: "Come hither," said he, with tears in his eyes, "my friend and the partner of my fatigues and miseries. When I consorted with thee, happy were my hours, my days, my years; but since I forsook thee and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand toils, a thousand torments, and ten thousand tribulations, have seized and worried my soul."

AN EXPENSIVE DINNER.

Among the choicest pictures in the choice collection of Mr. Douglass, which was sold under the hammer last week, were two landscapes by William Shayer, an English artist of distinction, chronicled on the catalogue as "No. 73, *The Swan Inn*, Isle of Wight," and "No. 74, *The Crown Inn*, Isle of Wight." They were a very attractive pair of pictures, quiet in their tone, free and broad in their style, true to the nature of that charming little episode of English scenery, the Isle of Wight, and most faithful in their presentation of the two old inns with their quaint appurtenances. The cognoscenti might well predict that at least $300 or $350 would be required to carry them off even from the auction room. The sale took place according to advertisement and handbill, and the auctioneer had no reason to complain of want of appreciation or spirit on the part of the bidders. The pictures all sold well and rapidly. When the two Inns were put up, "one with the privilege of the other," somebody led off at once with a bid of two hundred and fifty dollars. This was followed up by three hundred, three hundred and fifty, and four hundred in quick succession. Then came four hundred and fifty, and from that point the auctioneer ran along on the variations of four fifty-five—sixty—sixty-five—seventy, etc., up to five hundred, where there was a pause, but only, as it soon appeared, for the competitors to rally for a further struggle. By this time the positions of the whole company were clearly defined: two highly-excited bidders, a hundred highly-excited spectators, and a very cool and complaisant auctioneer not at all excited. The bidding recommenced: "Going at five hundred and fifty—sixty—seventy—eighty—ninety—shall I have six hundred?" and the six hundred was bid amidst great applause. "Six hundred and twenty-five (sensation)—six hundred and fifty (great enthusiasm)—six hundred and seventy-five from the opposition (intense excitement)—finally, after repeated "goings," "fair warnings," and "third and last calls," seven hundred is bid, and the picture is knocked down to one of our well-known Park Place merchants, who gives in his name with a decidedly triumphant emphasis. Mr. Leeds stopped to draw breath after this long chase, and in the interval the successful bidder made a speech explanatory of what seemed a very foolish purchase at $700 of a picture which really was not worth any such money. He had been on the Isle of Wight, he had dined at the Crown Inn, and he was willing to pay the price, not so much for the twenty-five by thirty inches of canvas, as for the associations inclosed within the frame. At the Swan Inn he had not dined, and that picture he did not want. So somebody else, perhaps the rival candidate for the "Crown," got it at $550. So much for dining at the Crown Inn. We used to regard the *Trois Frères* and *Very's* as rather expensive localities for that sort of entertainment, but only think of a dinner the mere memory of which is worth $700.

THE OLD BRICK CHURCH.

Desecration is doing its worst on that well-known gore of land bounded on the south by Beekman Street, on the east by Nassau, and on the west by Park Row. The old Brick Church, under whose shadow half New York has gone to its business day after day, and year after year, for so long a lifetime, is in the hands of the destroyer. From the spindle of the spire to the base of the corner-stone, every trace of ecclesiology is fast disappearing. The ragged rafters of the steeple, the vacant openings on either side where once were the windows, the heaps of rubbish in which the veteran building stands knee-deep, and above all, the base uses to which those Vandals, the bill-stickers, have subjected the outer walls, making them all of a sudden alive with sacrilegious programmes of the minor theatres and pictures of performing elephants, combine to present a melancholy spectacle of decay and ruin. The contractors should make haste to take it down. Every day it seems to be preaching from the text, "Remove not the ancient landmarks," and its dilapidated aspect has in it a touch of the ominous and foreboding. Down with it! Thanks to our Yankee progress, we are not as superstitious as those foolish people of Cologne, who, when the old crane which had stood for centuries on the unfinished tower of the Cathedral was removed, attributed to its absence the next thunder-storm and tempest, and insisted on its immediate restoration. No! the old church will go its way unwept and unsung, and our children will never know, except by chance tradition, that any thing but marble and iron ever stood on the triangular site so long identified with the "Old Brick."

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Florence, *Feb.* 21, 1857.

Hiram Powers's statue of Daniel Webster will, I fear, disappoint the critical Bostonians. It is being finished at the imperial bronze foundry of this city, where I recently saw it in cast, previous to the running of the metal. Although of heroic size, the "god-like" part of the great Daniel has escaped the grasp or comprehension of the artist. We have the large, distinctive head of Webster, it is true, but it is sepulchral—speaks more of the physical decay of his age than the maturity and strength of his noble mind. But to me, the greatest mistake of the artist lies in the awkward, tasteless costume in which he has represented him. He is literally shrouded in a voluminous dress-coat and pantaloons. Instead of being subdued to his form, and lost in the *feeling* of the man, they are so conspicuously paraded before the spectator, that it leaves somewhat the impression that the statue was made for the sake of the clothing. The right arm, or rather sleeve—for it appears to have no bone, but looks as if filled with bran—hangs flabbily to his side; and the left is supported by a bundle of sticks—a somewhat trite and tame suggestive of our national union. As Webster in his loftiest thought, this statue is a failure. Powers's success lies more in the domain of the female figure. His feeling for the merely beautiful in expression is spontaneous and refined; and if we consider it, as it really is, as an indigenous mental quality, born in the forests of Ohio, and not the result of classical culture or matured art-study, it is very remarkable, and creditable to America. Greenough, with far more genius and real cultivation, was unequal to Powers in the feminine aspect of beauty, though better qualified to treat a subject broadly, grandly, and in its loftier intellectual expression. Webster requires a Phidias, or, at all events, a sculptor who to native genius adds the knowledge and feeling of the best Greek art. Of the American sculptors abroad, I know no one who bids so fair, in both these respects, as Paul Akers, now at Rome. His busts are alive with the soul-man; they are conscious intelligences. By some they are said to be too much idealized; but if that be true, it is an error in the right direction. Experience will soon teach him to subject imagination to the rules of science. His group of Unca and the Lion is greatly praised. The lion is said to be a superior animal to the far-famed ones of Canova, in St. Peter's.

I fear American art is about to experience a great loss in Crawford. The Paris surgeons give no hope of being able successfully to operate on the tumor, which is now threatening the brain. In the prime of life, with so many great works uncompleted, the disappointment to himself, as well as to his friends, must be most afflicting.

The contrast between Rome and Florence in the sale of original works of art, done to order, and antiques—old masters or copies—is very great. Here the great art-business is in the last category, especially in painting. In Rome, last year, the amount of original work exported was upward of three hundred thousand dollars, against less than twenty thousand dollars of old art.

This year, in Florence, several American purchasers have struck out a new mode of cheapening pictures. As it is difficult and more expensive to get copies done from originals, in the Pitti and Ufizzi galleries, they now specially seek for copies taken from copies; because, as they say, they are cheaper, and, from not being tied down to the manner of a great master, must have more freedom of touch, and consequently be better and more original. The author of this theory should lose no time in submitting it to Ruskin. If he can get one of his bulls in its favor, his fame is established. Many thousand dollars have already been invested here on this principle; so that America will soon be in receipt of "great masters," about as accurately represented as nature would be if daguerreotyped through a fog. Some of the cockney comments of our English cousins are quite as ludicrous. Lately a party of blue cravats and upheld skirts, with the "red book" in hand, were looking at the statue of Perseus, in the Piazza del Gran Duca. "I say," says one, "nice statue that; but what does it mean?" Upon asking another what he thought of the dome of St. Peter's, he replied, "Fine—oh! very fine; well scooped out—ain't it?" "Have you any paintings?" was the next inquiry. "Yes, plenty at home; they were done for me by a firm at Birmingham, and cost me seventeen shillings apiece." From such critics one hears that the Babtistry Gates at Florence "are not bad," and that the Vatican is a bore, with its slippery floor; and the Coliseum might be worth looking at, "if it were not so confoundedly out of repair."

As a symptom of the feeling of the times in England, it is worthy to note that our artist here has recently received six successive commissions to copy the portrait of Cromwell in the Pitti Gallery.

The artists of Florence, a few weeks ago, got up at Santa Croce a solemn and beautiful funeral service for Delaroche, in which himself and his chief works were cleverly represented. The monks did their part in the decoration of the church and music very creditably, but stipulated for pay *in advance*, because, as one was overheard to say, during the negotiations, "these artists are always poor devils, and there was no knowing whether they would pay up or not *after* the ceremony was over."

I was surprised recently to learn how rapidly Protestantism was spreading in Tuscany, notwithstanding the legal and private persecutions to which it is subjected. It seems there are already not less than ten thousand converts, and they feel strong enough to petition the Grand Duke "to be allowed to marry;" for no Tuscan subjects not Papists, it seems, can have that privilege, though they may live in concubinage *ad libitum*. A curious instance of the *morale* of society growing out of the rigidity of the Papal views in relation to marriage, has recently occurred. There has arrived here a very charming, intellectual woman, middle-aged, a widow of the Count Battyani, of a distinguished Hungarian family, bringing with her letters from the best society of Paris, where she has been residing for some years. Here, however, the fashionable saloons were immediately closed against her, because she had, many years ago, become converted to Protestantism, obtained a divorce from her then husband, and married the late Count. The divorce and conversion being ecclesiastical crimes, of course Madame is, in this atmosphere, an immoral person, from whose presence society must be protected. And the best of the joke is, that the ladies of *ton*, who lead the crusade against her, even to absolutely insult, though of high rank and wealth, are notorious for their amours, making no pretense of concealment; but then they are on good terms, evidently, with their confessors.

Speaking of the Church reminds me of a Protestant anecdote of the English chapel here, at which one pays for seats at the door as at the theatre, the services being intermingled with the jingling of the coin of the late comers. A friend of mine hired a domestic, and previous to engaging him, inquired who he last served? "The Protestant clergyman."

"What were your wages?"

"Four dollars a month, and a dollar extra out of the contribution box each time it went round," was the reply.

The Office of the Holy Inquisition at Rome has begun a crusade against modern Spiritualism, publishing decrees against it, and causing it to be anathematized from the pulpits, and threatening with fearful penalties of body and soul all who meddle with what is so contrary to the doctrines of the Church, etc. They permit, however, the use of animal magnetism, as a branch of medical science. In several well-written articles of the *Civita Cattolica* of Rome, the Jesuit periodical, that body have given their views upon the subject; admitting the reality of the phenomena, but ascribing them to the machinations of the enemy of souls. It seems their attention has been aroused by the doings of a spiritual circle in Munich that professed to be Roman Catholic, but under the influence of a writing and speaking medium, preached a sort of Sarvonarala reform of the Papal clergy, and a purification of the Church in general. These two mediums stated that God, some years before, planned through them to communicate a new moral revelation to man, by the present form of mediumship, but the devil getting wind of it, as usual, was more active, and sent his spirit-agents to the United States, as the most available field, and by means of raps, moving tables, etc., set the whole country agog with false ideas, to the prejudice of truth and the Roman Catholic Church. But as now the Church has ordered them (the Munich mediums) to be silent, they remain so for a time, until Heaven has completed its design for revolutionizing Christianity through them, when, *nolens volens*, they will be forced to speak out. In the mean time they caution the world against giving heed to their rivals at Geneva, who preach a sort of Pantheism, and especially against the mediums in America, who are all directly inspired of Beelzebub. Such is the present religious phase of Spiritualism in Catholic Europe. It has aroused the thunders of the Vatican, and the utmost efforts will be made to crush it—no difficult affair, if it take so absurd a turn in general as it has in Bavaria.

Pantheism openly preached in Geneva, and advocated in a public journal! Shade of Calvin, where art thou? The summersets of the mind are past all expounding.

I see in late American papers a statement copied from the London *Court Journal*, in relation to Mr. and Mrs. Browning and Spiritualism, which ought to be corrected, though by doing so a pretty romance is spoiled. It is, to wit, that Hume, the medium, being in the company of those poets at Paris, the spirit of Dante appeared, and with *visible hands* crowned Mrs. Browning with an orange wreath, to the astonishment and almost ghostly terror of all present. The fact is this: At a circle at Ealing, in England, in 1855, the Brownings from curiosity being present, a wreath that Mr. Hume had made, and brought in from the garden, was, at his request, *by some invisible agency*, placed upon Mrs. Browning's head, not at all to the satisfaction of her husband that she was supernaturally crowned, though I believe the rest of the company considered it as done by spirit-hands; but not a word was said of Dante, etc. If all the Spiritual statements, by the time they get before the public, become so poeticized, there must be considerable caution used in their acceptance.

Hume, whose power was, as he asserts, temporarily suspended for fourteen months, writes that it is now about to be renewed; so look out for fresh marvels to excite the Paris world, in which at present he finds his home. Cicerone.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

ROUT CAKES.

The fine old days of the fashionable jams called "Routs" are over. Days when our polished and high-waisted ancestors elbowed each other over tea and cakes at Lady Biddy Buckskin's; and while half the company were dancing swimming minuets in one room, the other half, young and old, were gambling at E. O. Basset, and Ombre in another. Days when old ladies, in their rouge and diamonds, exercised a terrible influence upon society with their malicious wit and their fearless mendacity. Days when every "term" of fashion, as Mr. Meriam would call it, had its ruling planet in the shape of some fine gentleman, who, like the President of a Bank signing the notes, must affix his signature to every *débutant* or *débutante* before they could pass current. With what tremors did the old city chaperon present her protegé to one of these arbitrary monarchs! How blindly did the world follow his decision, for better for worse, when once given!

We may laugh at those artificial times if we will, when men and women formed Platonic friendships, and corresponded under the names of Rinaldo and Armida, Corydon and Amaryllis; but there was something stately and noble in them after all. The fine gentleman of that day, with his Grecian bend, and his tight coat, and his *chapeau bras* under his arm, with all his absurdity, commands our respect from his universal courtesy, his high tone, and his respect for women. Contrast the picture of Sir Sidney Bellamont, as he appears at Lady Biddy's, attending on Lady Cecilia Amaranth, with that of Croton Poole, conversing with Miss de Belus, at Mrs. Honiton's, in Fifth Avenue, and who has the advantage? I prefer that old beau of the last century, stately and formal, talking of his "devotion at the shrine of beauty," etc., to that of the modern young gentleman, telling his companion that he thinks her "a dooced fine gal, with no nonsense about her."

Thanks to the great Bumble-bee, I received an invitation some ten days ago to a grand ball given by Mrs. Ararat, a lady of Hebraic connections, who, after having enjoyed a splendid but unfrequented mansion in Fifth Avenue for some years, determined to make one last and gigantic effort to take a place in our best society. I did not know Mrs. Ararat, nor did Dimes, who received an invitation also; but, as I said before, Bumble-bee—blessed be his name!—has happily instituted the system of inviting his own "men" to rich people's houses, by which means I frequently enjoy a very agreeable dance and good supper, without contracting obligations to any body.

At about eleven o'clock, accordingly, Dimes and myself rendered ourselves at the Ararat mansion. We were received by a young Ararat, with whom I had a slight acquaintance—I made a joke about his maternity, beginning *parturiunt montes*, etc., to Dimes, as we entered, which had some success—and by this scion of Israel we were presented to *the* Ararat, whom we found corseleted with diamonds, in a state of siege in a corner near the door, beset with unknown guests, who were arriving faster than young Ararat could present them. I could not help thinking, as I beheld the breast-plate of jewels that studded that foolish old woman's stomacher, what a number of broken hearts every stone represented. How many hopes of youth, and fine feelings, and honorable aspirations had been pledged to old Ararat, the Jew, and never redeemed, and I wondered if the old lady knew that each diamond that shone so brightly on her was in itself a history of ruin.

The rooms were almost full when we arrived, and as guests continued to enter until an hour later, so that Bumble-bee's whistle became hoarse with over-exertion, it may be imagined that the state of the atmosphere at Mrs. Ararat's would have afforded the chemist and aerologist a fine basis for experiments.

Everybody was there, because every body was curious to see the Ararat mansion. Everybody moved about, examining every body and every thing, and assuring every body that it did not know Mrs. Ararat at all, and wondered why it ever came, and indeed would not have come only that Bumble-bee told it that every body was coming. In short, Everybody was in high feather, being determined to enjoy itself without the responsibility of being obliged to any body. The only nobody in the room was poor Mrs. Ararat.

It was curious to observe the way in which Everybody overran the house. It was dancing in the saloons; it was drinking surreptitious wine behind the doors; it was in Mrs. Ararat's boudoir examining the knickknacks and appraising the furniture; it was in the cloak-room playing bluff and drinking brandy; it was in the conservatory destroying the exotics; it was in the bedrooms, opening bureau drawers, and fingering the show jewelry that lay on the toilet tables; nay, it absolutely penetrated to the kitchen, where it made merry with the cook, and devoured a quail, and drank a bottle of Champagne in advance of the regular supper.

Then came the inevitable "German" with its leader, who was alternately elevated to the clouds of joy, or sunk in the Tartarus of despair, as some favorite figure was or was not conscientiously accomplished. There were more Champagne bottles under the chairs of the gentlemen in this German

than I ever saw figure in this dance before. One gentleman, whom I present to you, reached this state at an early hour of the evening. I was not

surprised when I beheld him in the gray of the morning, on my return home, seated on the steps of the Brevoort House, with his boots off, and his Raglan on with the lining outside.

I hope I may never again witness such a saturnalia in civilized society as the supper at Mrs. Ararat's on that night. Young New York revived the mysteries of Bacchus on that occasion, with all the ancient ceremonies. It did not know the Ararats. The Ararats had presumed to ask it to their house, therefore it was determined to get drunk and misconduct itself generally in order to prove its contempt for the Ararats. But Heaven preserve me from such revelry. The rooms were full of nodding, tipsy boys, with flushed faces, and stupid eyes, all thinking what splendid fun it was to drink so much. I saw them in the supper room, where there was occasionally a scarcity of plates and glasses, chucking plates full of terrapin, and tumblers of wine under the table on the magnificent carpet with which the room was covered. I saw them snatch the key of the cellar from the butler, and force their way into the wine-cave, where they tumbled about among Burgundies that had cost more than their education. I saw them stumble in the dance, and devastate ladies' dresses, and treat the ladies themselves as neither you nor I would permit our sisters to be treated. Talk of the face of Italy, after an invasion of Attila or Alaric! It would have been peace and plenty compared to Mrs. Ararat's rooms after that frightful orgie.

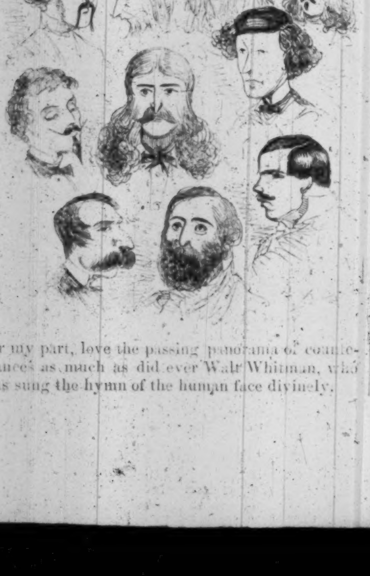
"Certainly," said I to Dines, as we went home together, "I am no advocate of what are called the good old times, but I would prefer an evening at Lady Biddy Buckskin's."

"Who the deuce is Lady Biddy Buckskin?" asked Dines, in some astonishment.

"Never mind," I answered, "she never would have done for our best society."

OF BEARDS.

There is an old saying that you can tell a man by the cut of his coat. I think an equal amount of character is to be found in the cut of a beard. Don't you think that the character of those stately gentlemen that Vandyke painted was well typified in the formal pointed beard, that gave a certain rectilinear expression to their faces? Then again, the round, crisp, burly beard of the Dutch burgomaster of the same age, how characteristic of his spherical nature, which rolled through life with the least possible friction! In the long, irregular, and silky beard of the Teuton does not the subtle, meditative organization betray itself? The well-waxed and pert blackness of the Italian mustache is very indicative of the vanity and insolence of the man; the English mutton-chop whisker, growing on the bluff cheeks of the Briton, explains the carbonaceous character of the islander, whose vigorous nature is fed with the wholesome juices of flesh. The delicate tracery of the slender mustache of *le jeune France* interprets perfectly the coquetry, the elegance, the courage, and the subtlety of the Parisian. The Turk's beard is of solemn magnitude, and inspires one with that religious veneration which itself forms so large a portion of his nature. Among the Americans alone the beard seems to possess no character; the best proof of which is, that the only character which is unmistakably American, and peculiar to America alone—the Bowery boy—is close shaven, with the exception of a brief mustache, from which the original color is invariably eradicated. The want of individuality of form in Americans is one of the greatest faults we have, speaking physically. One sees but few memorable faces in our streets: I



for my part, love the passing panorama of countenances as much as did ever Walt Whitman, who has sung the hymn of the human face divinely.

It is a great question to me whether all men who can raise the beard should wear it. One great objection is that, unless a man has never shaved, his beard can not be natural. Providence, of course, makes us better than we can make ourselves, and in bestowing the beard on the face, it has been judicious enough to attend to the laws of light and shade. I mean that a beard properly constituted leaves certain portions of the face, where the play of the facial muscles is most visible, uncovered, so that the emotions of the countenance, which are so beautiful to look upon, shall not be at all concealed. But, in most cases, the habit of early shaving produces, not a beard, but a muff, in which the lower part of the face is enveloped, leaving nothing but the eyes to animate it. This gives a certain gravity of demeanor, but the true use of the human face is destroyed.

Among the young men in this city I observe a great sparseness of beard. Nor am I surprised. Bad brandy, unlimited cigars, late suppers, and no exercise from the age of ten years upward, leave Nature very little extra strength. I should not be surprised if, in time, we raised in New York a tribe of beardless men, like to the North American Indians.

The latest English eccentricity in whisker, as most people must have observed, is of appalling extent. The centre head of the figures in the cut represents this novelty. It makes a man look like those painful young old ladies that one met in youthful days, with clouds of fragile curls floating over either cheek, vainly endeavoring to conceal the ravages of time.

A STORY FOR EBLING.

An Arab lately arrived in this city, fresh from the great wastes of Palestine, was walking up Broadway one dry, windy day. Suddenly he was heard to call upon Allah in a loud voice, and throw himself flat on his face in the street. Some of the by-standers lifted him up, under the impression that he had been taken with an epileptic fit; but on being questioned, he stared wildly around him, and asked whether it was possible it was over so soon?

"What is over?" asked Mr. Oscanyan, who happened to be passing, addressing him in his native tongue.

"Oh! Effendi!" cried the Arab. "I was walking through this pleasant bazaar, wondering at the beauty of the unvailed women, and thinking how far away I was from my native desert, when behold, I raised my eyes, and beheld a cloud of dust, loftier than the loftiest simoom of Sahara, coming toward me. Certain that I was about to perish by the most miserable of deaths, I did according to the fashion of the desert, and sought to escape the simoom by burying my face in the sand. I had scarcely done so when those people lifted me up, and behold the simoom was no longer there."

Oscanyan laughed, and told the Arab that what he believed to be the simoom was simply the accumulated dust of the city, swept by the wind, and that the inhabitants were so accustomed to it that they went on, year after year, without taking any ventive measures.

But the Arab shook his head as he passed on, and muttered to himself,

"Mashallah! but they are a wonderful people, these Yankees! We have the simoom only in the desert, but they have it in their streets!"

THE YOUNGER DUMAS.

A pretty Parisian seamstress, of scant means and scanter morals, was the mother of Alexander Dumas, Jun. His father is believed to be Alexander Dumas, Sen., who was undoubtedly very intimate, while clerk in the office of the Duke of Orleans's secretary, with the said pretty seamstress, who lived humbly, sewed industriously, and loved unwisely, in a very small house near by.

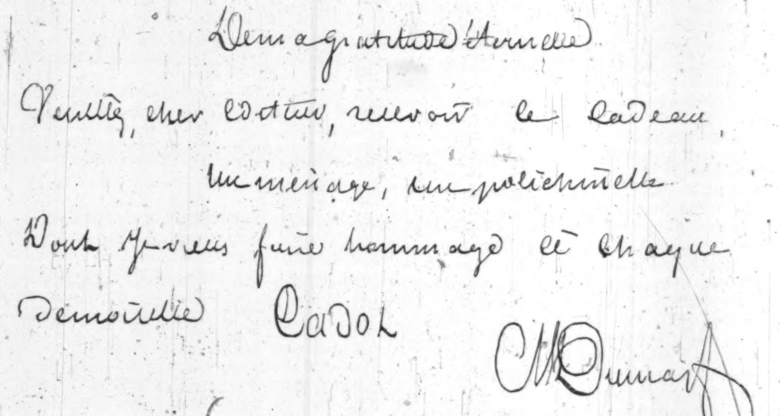
The child was born of his mother on the 29th of July, 1824, and was christened Alexander. It was not until fourteen years afterward that he fully became "the son of his father," when he received the patronymic of Dumas, and was for the first time acknowledged as Alexander Dumas, Jun. Before that he was but occasionally led by the hand of the pretty seamstress into the august presence of Dumas, Sen., who treated him more like a poor dependent than as a child of his own. The youth, however, was bright and intelligent; and, having become the best scholar at school and won all the prizes at college, his putative parent proudly took him to his arms, and admitted him to all the privileges of a son. Any lingering doubts that the father might have had of the paternity of the boy are said to have quickly disappeared on catching him, at the early age of fifteen, at the feet of a pretty girl of about the same age, earnestly declaring his love. The paternal Dumas was so vividly impressed with the scene that he cried out:

"Well done, my boy; you are a chip of the old block! You are my son, every inch of you!"

The younger Dumas had hardly left college when he became ambitious of following in his father's footsteps, and wrote a book. This was entitled the "Sins of Youth," which, though immature in thought and style, was decent, and gave promise of something better for the future; it was, however, too innocent to please Parisian taste, and did not sell.

In 1845, when Dumas, the son, had reached the mature age of twenty-one, he made a bolder push for recognition by the Parisian world. He challenged Eugène de Mirecourt, that terrible thorn in the side of French notability, who is always writing every thing about every body who may be worth writing about. Mirecourt got out of the affair very satisfactorily to himself; he lost no blood and spent only some ink, with his usual facility, on the occasion. Mirecourt had slandered the elder Dumas in a popular periodical of the day, and the son having taken up the quarrel, there appeared one fine morning at Mirecourt's study, two formidable, mustached gentlemen. We have Mirecourt's own graphic account of the interview.

DUMAS THE YOUNGER.



The visitors being announced, and facing that gentleman, then ask,

"Monsieur Eugène de Mirecourt?"

"That is my name."

"Did you write an article on Monsieur Dumas, Sen., in the ——?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, we have come to demand satisfaction."

"Well, I'm ready. Give me your card, and I shall look up some friend to call and arrange matters."

"By-the-by, we forgot to tell you that it is not the old gentleman, but the son, for whom we are acting."

"Ah, then, that is quite another affair."

With a pull at the bell, a nurse came in.

"Bring in Edgar."

Edgar, a child of some seven years of age soon made his appearance, with his face all bedaubed with jam, and clinging to the gown of his nurse.

"Gentlemen, you see my son. He will, I assure you, defend his father with as much spirit and courage as the son and heir of Dumas will his. I shall leave the affair, with your permission, to him."

"This is no time for joking, Sir," protested the formidable gentleman with the mustaches.

"Excuse me, I could think of no better way of showing you the absurdity of your conduct. The father is my man, and from all accounts he is a good shot and has a steady hand. Why can't he settle his own quarrels? Suppose I should unfortunately, not to say kill, but just wing his son, don't you see that his father would have me at his mercy? The public would, of course, be on his side, and where would I be? No! no! let him show himself, or, at any rate, let him send a letter authorizing his son to act for him, and I'll waive all objections and fight. This, gentlemen, is my ultimatum. Good-morning."

This, according to Mirecourt, was the last ever heard of the challenge from Dumas, Jun.

The father and son, being now on the most intimate terms of relationship, journeyed together into Spain, and thence passed over to Africa. On their return to Paris the younger made another literary attempt, and published his *Les Aventures de quatre Femmes et d'un Parroquet*—a thoroughly *Frenchy* production, in which a pair of melancholy heroes, one of whom is about hanging himself, and the other blowing out his brains, meet accidentally, and postpone their fatal intentions in order to narrate coolly to each other their histories. Their stories told, one adjusts his rope, and the other cocks his pistol, and the two, without more ado, take their departure for the other world, each in his own peculiar way. This book was popular, and sold; and Dumas, Jun., became something of a literary notability for the first time.

From 1849 to 1855 the young author was industrious, and produced rapidly a succession of novelettes and small pieces for the theatre, which were received with more or less popular favor. His great success was, however, his *Dame aux Camelias*. It had a prodigious run, having, in the course of a few days, passed through no less than three editions. All Paris was reading it—all Paris, and particularly its ladies, were talking of Dumas, Junior. Women are said dearly to love a rake, and they had now got one to their hearts' content. Was ever the fig-leaf so ruthlessly torn from authorship as in this famous book? Did genius ever so expose itself before in all its nakedness to the public? It had been hitherto enough to disclose its thoughts, its feelings, its hopes, its aspirations, but now it boldly tore the vail from its vices, and showed itself the wickedest of the wicked certainly; but so beautiful, so enticing in mien and address, that the stoutest Hercules of virtue even might almost be tempted to throw himself into its arms. The *Dame aux Camelias* was a great hit—a heavy blow to virtue—the most profligate of profligate books.

It might be supposed that the *Dame aux Camelias* was some impure fermentation of the spirit of authorship, the dirty scum of an overheated imagination, the morbid fiction of a diseased invention. No! it is a biography; it is a reflection of the life of young France—of Dumas the son, himself. He is the hero of his own story. The heroine—the *Dame aux Camelias*, the Marguerite Gautier of the romance—was Marie Duplessis, a real personage, who had trod while in life the asphalt pavement of the Boulevards of Paris, and flaunted in the theatres. She and Dumas, the son, were on such terms of relationship as dissolute Paris smiles upon approvingly, and even Parisian fathers regard with complacency if we are to take the paternal Dumas as an example. Here is that respectable parent's indorsement of his son's illicit alliance written by his own hand:

"I was passing through the corridor by the half opened door of one of the boxes of the theatre, when I felt some one pulling me by the coat. I turned around and found it was Alexander.

"'Good-evening, my dear boy; is it you?' I said.

"'Yes; stop a moment, father,' was the answer.

"'But you have some one with you?'

"'That's the reason I ask you. Come, shut your eyes, and put your head through the door; you'll meet with nothing unpleasant, so don't be alarmed.'

"So without more ado," exclaims the respectable Dumas, Sen., "I shut my eyes, put my head through the door, and had hardly done so when I felt upon my mouth the pressure of two palpitating, feverish lips. I opened my eyes. A charming young woman of about twenty-two was by the side of Alexander, and she it was who had just given me that by no means filial kiss. It was Marie Duplessis, the *Dame aux Camelias*."

Hear what even the debauched France of Louis Napoleon has to say about this unblushing recognition and sanction by a father, of the dissoluteness of a son: "There are Caffres and Hottentots who are ignorant of the practice and the very name of decency. This is in Africa; but what are we to say of a writer in the nineteenth century, in the capital of France, in the very centre of civilization, who, negro* though he be, thus indecently throws away the fig-leaf—fie, for shame!"

The wonderful success of the novel suggested the trial of bringing the *Dame aux Camelias* upon the stage. The popularity of the mistress of young Dumas' genius and his pleasures, was even greater among theatre-goers than among readers. It is in the dramatic form, although the novel has been translated into English, that the *Dame aux Camelias* has been chiefly presented, under the various titles of "Vice and Virtue," "Camille," and "Traviata," to the American public; and unutterably indecent as it is in origin, association, and presentation, there has hardly been a rebuke uttered, except by *Harper's Weekly*, of this insult to the moral sense and attack upon the virtue of our people. The *Demi-monde*

* This is an allusion to the fact of Dumas, Senior, being a mulatto. His mother was a negress of St. Domingo, where his father, a Frenchman, resided. The paternity of the younger Dumas would seem to be proved by his African look, so distinguishable in the curly hair of the portrait we give.

was another successful effort of the younger Dumas, of the same kind as his *Dame aux Camelias*.

A new drama, the *Question d'Argent*, has lately been brought out by our author on the Parisian stage, and as its purpose seems the very laudable one of reforming the money-seeking and prodigality of the age, we are ready to accept it as a proof of a change on the part of Dumas, the son, for the better. It is to be hoped he has at last sown the wild oats of his youth; but who is to reap that abundant harvest of licentiousness which must be the certain fruit of that reckless sower of the seeds of vice? Will our *American* theatre and its friends be gleaners in that field?

We are glad to hear that the younger Dumas has an excellent heart, a kind word for sorrow, and an open hand for charity. We see in such a nature, inspired as it is with the breath of genius, some hope for the exercise of a beneficent power for the future good of humanity to compensate the world for the evil of the past.

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

THE LOVES OF THE STABLES.

Dear Editor,—We have all been greatly shocked this week at the *dénouement* of the Boker marriage. It was bad enough before to think such a thing had been seriously attempted; and now to find the ceremony no longer a farce, but a tragedy, is more than we can approve. I am ashamed of my sex, and wish the young lady were neuter, for I've really no sympathy with such women. We were all up in arms when we heard what had been the decision of the Court, as reported to us by the head of the family, on his return to dinner last evening.

Enter Mr. C., considerably behind time. After the usual interchange of remarks as to "the dinner being quite spoiled" on one side, and the "up-town clocks being much too fast" on the other,

"What do you think, my dear? That fellow's got the girl!"

Chorus of Maidens. { "Do you mean Dean?"
"Do you mean Boker?"
"You don't say so!"

Aunt Brown (*solemnly*). "Good Lord, Mr. C., impossible! I am very much shocked to hear it. That's all I can say."

Myself (*with horror*). "It is really too dreadful to think of!"

Angelina (*who is sentimental*). "Well, but oughtn't she to marry whom she likes best?"

Aunt Brown. "Certainly *not*, if she hasn't sense enough to choose better than that. Don't talk to me of romance! Nonsense! fiddlestick! Romance of the stable-yard, I call it! It's wrong all through, my dear, and so you'll find one of these days; for if that girl's happy, I can only say she doesn't deserve to be, that's all. Romance, indeed!"

"But, you know, she was so fond of her horses, and that made her like him!"

"Fond of her horses! Pooh! Well, I love horses—I respect them, and honor their feelings—but I don't love those who have to clean them! And I do declare, I would ten times rather be married to my horse than I would to his groom! The Loves of the Stables, indeed! Romance in High Life! I call it Low Life, my dear; and so far from romance, she'll find a good deal of hard prose to put up with, poor thing! before long, if she hasn't stumbled against it yet. I can fancy a girl, now, running away with her music-master—duet-singing, for instance, has a tendency to make the singers soft-hearted and sympathetic; or, perhaps, falling desperately in love with the foreign gentleman who teaches her languages—it is generally a refugee, probably a Count—and they all begin conjugating the verb to love (why, I wonder!); even a dancing-master, though it would be difficult to interest *me* in his undignified capers and *entrechats*, can be supposed to whirl away young affections, while their owners practice the polka. But to take a fancy to one's coachman! Does the young lady imagine she is imitating the damsels of the old ballads in loving a 'Squire of low degree?' If so, she's very much mistaken; for I beg you to recollect Squires in those days were gentlemen as well educated as the young ladies' fathers and brothers could be. No, I really think there is not on record any well-attested instance of a damsel running off with a menial, unless that condition was the result of wicked enchantment, or adopted from motives of policy, when, of course, fair maidens were bound to aid the oppressed. How is it practicable to honor and obey an individual who rubs down your horse, and cleans your carriage-wheels?"

Myself (*reflectively*). "I agree with you. How, indeed, is it possible for a refined and educated woman to feel any sympathy with a denizen of the stables!

Aunt Brown. "The stables! Bah! Of all occupations, my dear, the most unpleasant; and to such a degree that many ladies won't suffer a person in that capacity to enter their drawing-rooms at all. We know very well men make fools of themselves sometimes and marry their servants, but that women should take to it is a little too much! Fancy being accompanied through the Valley of Life by the driver on my coach-box! If an angel from heaven had assumed that office for my sake, and offered himself, I should have had to decline his proposals."

A voice. "But you forget, Aunt, Apollo himself used to drive horses occasionally."

Aunt Brown. "Yes, but Apollo wasn't married that ever I heard of; and no mortal would have had him if he wished it ever so—that I'm quite sure of. No, my dear, the girl has made a false step all through, and it won't be without its consequences for the public, either. Just think what insolence we shall have to suffer from the liverymen of the city after this! There'll be no putting up with them. We shall have conceit and familiarity to endure, besides their high prices; and overbearing manner added to overbearing charges. In addition to the two dollars invariably demanded, perhaps for only going round the corner, two blocks off, to Mrs. H——'s flat reception, we shall be expected to propose to the driver before we return, or else, perhaps, have the pain of refusing him ourselves! It's all very pretty to urge the parents to 'come round,' and 'make things square,' and bless the naughty couple, as the injured fathers do in the play, and so on; but I should like to see those who talk in this style give away *their* daughters to rough Irishmen! No; Democratic as we are, the manners and habits of the stable are not exactly those of gentle-people. And what business has a lady to *look* at her coachman, I wonder! The idea of thinking your servants have any sex at all! It's an old proverb, 'A gardener is only a man to the inmates of a nunnery;' I should like to know if a coachman is any different! No, Mr. C——, times are changing, and not for the better, by any means. Think of our respectable Dutch forefathers, whose remains are at this minute being carted away wholesale from the Old Brick Church —think of them, I say, gazing around them in these days, at us, their degenerate descendants; wouldn't their dry old bones melt into tears to see the city where their wide breeches once reigned supreme given over to the Irish emigrant, who generally lands without any —— to speak of. But no matter his rags, Pat waves his shillalah and reigns triumphant. One day Mr. What's-his-name, the rebel and patriot (it's much the same thing, I believe), carries away the prettiest girl in the town, and now Mr. John Dean, groom and coachman, runs off with one of the richest! By-and-by, instead of those very interesting Caudle parties, where the Caudle is so strong, and our cheeks become so red, we shall be receiving cards of invitation to a fashionable wake! You think it's the fault of the ladies, do you? Well, I don't. You don't think the man *could* have had the audacity to make the proposals in this case? eh, is that what you say? Then let me tell you what I think. If there were any young men in New York worth marrying, and fit to be married, we shouldn't see these poor girls dancing about after foreigners and refugees, and putting up with emigrants and servants, as they are obliged to do. And I hope, with all my heart, the young gentlemen of the city feel the insult offered to their attractions by the *ci devant* Miss Boker. Disgusted with the effeminacy of Young America, she is forced to devote herself to stalwart Ireland. I was informed that Mr. Dean is "a flesh-and-blood man." Well, it must be some consolation to the young lady to find she has not loved a *shadow;* she probably has a fancy for muscle, and, in that case, certainly couldn't find as much in the drawing-room as in the stable. Things are reversed nowadays, it seems to me; young men are brought up like young women, and young ladies try to become boys. Now I consider all you girls very much stronger than your brothers. None of them could do what you do night after night with impunity. Even the sturdy John Dean himself would begin to fade, I fancy, if he passed six or eight hours every evening, very much *décolleté*, dancing like mad in a room heated to 100° Fahrenheit, then, warm from a brisk gallop, walking along cold halls and passages, with the outer air at zero. It would be a galloping consumption he'd dance to, I think; but *you* all look well enough. No gentleman that I know could bear it for a month, not to mention half a year. I tell you it requires more than the constitution of a groom; it takes that of a horse itself to stand this. So much for the physique of you gentlemen.

As to your courage—and I say it solemnly—*I hardly know a man who is not a downright coward!* Of course, they're all afraid of their wives; that's to be expected from the most fearless; but the funny thing is, you are all afraid of one another!

Then look at your foolish, effeminate habits! Look at your dress! Never talk to us of ugly and useless fashions while you wear such hats! Look at your hair, oiled, and curled, and bandolined to equal any thing we can boast! Your skirts are gradually coming down to our length, and will probably end in a train. You wear embroidered handkerchiefs and frilled cambrics, and flowers in your button-hole, and carry a fantastic little cane, all ornament, and carving, and jewelry, about as much use in a garrote case as my knitting-needle. As to jewels, you wear them wherever you can, and are just as envious of a pretty pin as we are. Look at George, there! he's been wanting that filagree thing of his sister's for this week past, but I hope she won't give it to him. Boys and young men all jeweled and befangled! I hate to see it. Why the dirty little scamps who hang on to the stage doors generally have a ring on their black little hands! It's disgraceful, I think. You haven't come to bracelets and necklaces yet, but you will before long, I've no doubt; Rome wasn't built in a day. And what are you good for I should like to know, any of you? You can't set off and take a long walk because your patent boots will be cut, you can't swim for fear of putting your hair out of curl, you can't mount a horse for fear of falling off! Now look at the difference. The young ladies do their best nowadays to be "earnest" and "intellectual," and there's not a pert miss of fourteen, at the Spingler Institute, but what could put you Wall Street merchants out of countenance any minute. We have no right to be considered the weaker sex any longer, that's clear; let us give gentlemen a turn now, it's what they're aiming at, and, perhaps, before long, if they take proper care of their good looks (they're vain enough already for any thing), they'll come to be called the *fair sex!* The tables are turned, my dear, Sir—there's not a manly young man to be found—and the girls are reduced to what you see, and obliged to marry their coachmen, just exactly as gentlemen in former days used to end in wedding their cooks and house-keepers! It's wrong all through, and I'm sorry for it, that's all; and more particularly sorry for the girl and her friends, in this instance.

(*Here sounds the dinner bell. Exeunt omnes.*)

THE MYSTERY.

I know a lady, slight and pale,
With wan white hands and wide gray eyes,
Lit from behind, as through a vail
Of gray mists gleam the morning's skies.

She is not lovely; sculptor's curves
And poet's roses are not wed
In that frail form, which hardly serves
The life by which its soul is fed.

Yet in her motion there is grace,
And in her voice weird harmonies;
And her eyes light her shadowy face
As large stars light the evening seas.

So faint in outline, so subdued
Her airy shape, that scarce I know
At times, when in a dreamy mood,
If sprite or woman moves me so.

For when she speaks, her voice commands
My soul, and through the air each word
Vibrates, as if by unseen hands
Was struck some fine-toned harpsichord.

And if, but with the faintest touch,
Upon my sleeve she lays her hand,
No iron-fingered giant's clutch
Could startle more my self-command.

She stirs my nature, as the moon
With its white look upheaves the sea;
And as she moves, I move in tune,
And ebb and flow with her decree.

I know not whence this power she draws—
From Love, or some more occult force?
I argue from effect to cause,
But can not trace the subtle course.

I half suspect unhallowed spells,
Yet dare not breathe my doubts aloud.
Within the cloud the lightning dwells,
And shall I madly clasp the cloud?

LITERARY.

Memoires sur les Contrees Occidentales, traduits du Sanscrit en Chinois en l'an 648 par Hiouen Thsang, et du Chinois en Français, *par M. Stanislas Julien*, Membre de l'Institut.

M. Stanislas Julien, a well-known French linguist, and member of the French Academy, has just completed the translation, from the Chinese, of this volume of travels through India by a Chinese Buddhist in the year 648. It is by no means a translation from the Sanscrit, the old-time traveler relating throughout his own experiences, but giving occasionally translations from works current in his day on the countries which he visited. The author sets out from *Okini*—near *Lake Lop*, on the western border of the Province *Kansuh*, about latitude 40° N.—and travels through all Central Asia, through Afghanistan, and to the present borders of India proper. Chapter Second sets out with a very interesting "*Notice sur l'Inde*," in which the Chinese Herodotus sketches faithfully the general characteristics, manners, customs, and peculiarities of the people of Hindostan, speaking of their building, clothing, castes, mode of computing time, progress in literature (this sounds curiously for the year 648), and their relation with or against Buddhism, of which the excellent *Hiouen Thsang* is a strong partisan. His travels in this chapter take him through *Gandhara* (Kandahar) to its capital, *Purushassura* (now Peshawar). The Third Chapter takes us to Cashmere. In the Fourth he passes through *Mathura* (*Muttra*, a town on the Jumna, the supposed birthplace of Krishnu, and to this day a great resort for pilgrims), and in the next three books he journeys on through the present Bengal as far as *Magadha*, of which province Chapter Seven gives an extended account, compiled from the personal observations of the Chinese philosopher himself, and from such books as were at that time in circulation concerning this land.

The rendering of this ancient relic into a European language is a very valuable contribution to the history of India and her numerous tribes. The worthy *Hiouen Thsang* seems to have been as conscientious, simple-hearted, credulous, and keenly-observant as were his European successors of nearly a thousand years later. Though a strong Buddhist, he speaks impartially of the character of people he found opposed to his favorite belief. He relates many legends and tales of those days, from which we get most interesting glimpses into the life and habits of those ancient times; and the historical portion of his work—most of which is yet to come in the remaining volumes—will be especially valuable and interesting.

We learn from M. *Hiouen Thsang* that even in his days the inhabitants of India were far gone in all manner of superstitions. The doctrine of metempsychosis had then its proper share of fables; and the good Buddhist (whose name our pen almost refuses to write) tells of numberless teeth and foot-prints of Buddha preserved and venerated, and—marvel of marvels!—even of a veritable *shadow* of the prophet-philosopher! How preserved we do not learn.

We learn, too, that even at that early date, the time of Buddha's death was a matter of uncertainty among his devotees, some placing it about 852 years B.C., while others maintained that the event occurred between 252 and 352 B.C. Of *Vishnu* or *Krishnu*, at present the greatest of all the Hindoo gods, "the Supreme Deity from whom all things have issued, and with whom all things will be absorbed," as the newest Hindoo Catechism reads, *Hiouen Thsang* makes no mention at all. That god was not at that time in being. Of *Narayarra* mention is made but once.

Hiouen Thsang became a traveler in spite of many obstacles. He was told that the route was full of perils and difficulties. But he sounded his heart and found his courage equal to the undertaking. The Government forbade his journey. He departed secretly and *alone*. There was in those days such a thing as being *alone* in the world. He prays to the statue of Maitreya for a guide; and lo! a guide appears. But he shortly loses this guide, and then loses his way, and strays into a sandy waste. Here, perishing for lack of water, he prays continually to Avalo-Kiteswara, saying; "Hiouen Thsang seeks neither riches nor profit, praise nor reputation! His only aim is the acquirement of superior intelligence and of the correct law! I feel, O Bodhisattwa! that your affectionate heart is constantly occupied with delivering creatures from the pains of life, and never were there more cruel pains than those I suffer. Canst thou be ignorant of them?" He thus prayed until the middle of the fifth night, when suddenly he was refreshed by a cooling breeze; a voice spoke, a vision appeared (curiously enough Marco Polo relates that in his time the same desert was haunted by spirits), his horse took a different direction, and he arrived in fertile pastures and sweet waters. And thus he goes on, gaining in knowledge, wisdom, and experience.

The present work has been preceded (1853) by a life of Hiouen Thsang, translated from the Chinese by M. Julien; which was, at the time, hailed as a valuable acquisition to Oriental research.

Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London. Second Series. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

The portrait which is given in this book of the young preacher who draws such immense houses in London, represents him as a full-faced, fat, boyish-looking man, of twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and it is doubtless a correct likeness. Young as he is, his sermons are tremendous in their effect. Their faults are prominent and great—the faults of extreme youth and inexperience both in the world and in rhetoric—but their virtues are also very great. He is in the main what would be called an orthodox Calvinist in sentiment, while his style of preaching is directed to the consciences and hearts of his hearers. We can readily imagine the effect which some of these bold, daring appeals must have on the minds of hearers when hurled at them from the sacred desk.

Much there is in Mr. Spurgeon's eloquence that is admirable; much that is thrilling, overpowering; but, at the same time, there is much that is startling. With the abstract doctrine contained in his sermon on Election we suppose no Calvinist of the straitest sect would find fault, but the manner of the concluding appeal strikes us as the coolest piece of argument that has as yet been addressed by a clergyman to a sinner. This is an extract from it:

"Oh sinner, come to the throne of electing mercy. Thou mayest die where thou art. Go to God; and, even supposing he should spurn thee, suppose his uplifted hand should drive thee away—a thing impossible—yet thou wilt not lose any thing; thou wilt not be the more damned for that. Besides, supposing thou be damned, thou wouldst have the satisfaction at least of being able to lift up thine eyes in hell and say, 'God, I asked mercy of thee, and thou wouldst not grant it; I sought it, but thou didst refuse it.'"

The peculiarity of Mr. Spurgeon's style is in his brief, strong sentences. His words are short, sharp, and telling. He never goes around a truth; never wraps it up to administer it; never attempts to touch his cannon off softly. If he lives twenty years he will repent of his present sins, and be a greater preacher. For the present, this book is the most readable collection of sermons, without exception, that has ever found its way to our hands, and will repay the purchaser a hundred fold.

Miss M'Intosh's Violet; or, the Cross and the Crown (John P. Jewett & Co., Publishers), continues to be in demand, notwithstanding it is now some months since it was first published. Miss M'Intosh is a writer of extraordinary ability. Her "Charms and Countercharms" is one of the most remarkable books of the day, and when its secret history comes to be known will doubtless have new popularity. There are some scenes in it which remain impressed on our memory with the vividness of realities; and we find in "Violet" some that are similar in power of description and appreciation of human emotions and sufferings.

School Amusements; or, How to Make the School Interesting, *by N. W. Taylor Root.* New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

A capital book for teachers of all kinds of schools, whose design is to show the best manner of intermingling military, gymnastic, and other exercises with the duller portions of school duties. It is not to be doubted that the old system of five or six hours a day at school, with the few intermissions allowed, is wearing on mind and body. Improvement has been made in this. Health and physical

education are considered in unison with mental training. The work of Mr. Root, which is particularly valuable for its instructions and plates illustrative of the various steps and movements in ordinary military drill, will afford teachers the opportunity of introducing variety into their school exercises, and enlivening the otherwise tedious process of instructing and learning.

Redfield sends us VASCONSELOS, another of his fine edition of Simms's novels, which is itself one of the best of the series. We know no novels that afford more pleasure, even in a second or third reading, than Mr. Simms's, abounding, as they do, in admirable descriptions of early American history, and familiarizing us with the worthies of those times that made this country what it is. Vasconselos is a story of the times of De Soto, three hundred years ago, and involves a plot of Spanish intrigue, passion, and crime that is managed with great skill and delicacy. We are not quite certain that this novel has been before published under Mr. Simms's name, but it is not inferior to any of his other works.

Messrs. Jewett & Co. send us their excellent HAND-BOOKS OF IOWA AND MINNESOTA, *by Nathan H. Parker*, which are condensed and reliable accounts of these growing States—for Minnesota is nearly a State—and which are not only necessary to the Western traveler, speculator, or resident, but are invaluable to the office and counting-room, as books of reference. Iowa is one of the suburbs of New York now, if the boxes of goods one sees on the sidewalks, directed as Stewart directs a lady's morning purchases, be any indication.

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE, published by the same house, contains suggestions on the duty, nature, and design of marriage; the philosophy of being in love; hints on the proper age to marry; and a thorough discussion of the proper qualifications for marriage. The book contains abundance of valuable instruction and advice.

CHARACTERS AND CRITICISMS, *by W. Alfred Jones, A.M.* New York: J. Y. Westervelt.

Mr. Jones has collected his miscellaneous papers, originally written for various journals, and published them in two small and handsome volumes. To say of them that they deserve this preservation, is at once ranking them above the ordinary class of periodical literature. They deserve and will have careful and frequent reading. He is a pleasant, thoughtful, earnest writer; not unwilling to express his opinions, though they may find opponents, and, withal, he has succeeded in giving new lights to familiar pictures and subjects, which make them more interesting than ever before. We have found in these volumes very much of novelty and much curious research; while his brief personal sketches, such as those of Dr. Francis, and Mount the artist, are fresh and delightful.

INQUIRE WITHIN, for Any Thing you Want to Know. Garrett, Dick, and Fitzgerald.

An *omnium gatherum* of every thing, from a recipe for a bald head to the method of cooking an apple-dumpling; from the rules of pronunciation to the rules of a game of whist.

An English author is attempting to outdo Milton, in a poem on the Deluge. A specimen of his descriptive powers will enable our readers to judge of the probability of his success:

The Buffalo, and Bison, larger Ox.
Of forehead broad, and high, with withers huge,
Shaggy with hair, a black and wooly mane,
Short-horned, brief-tailed, short-legged, and muscular—
The Wild Ox, and the Zebu, and the Yak,
The Musk Ox, race cornute and ruminant,
Dew-lapped, robust, yet elegant of form—
The Aurochs and the Arni: Mild the cow,
Domestic, useful, yielding of her milk
For human needs.

The gentleman appears to have some familiarity with the breed of cattle that went into the Ark. "Short-horned! brief-tailed!"

Ticknor & Fields have published *Kingsley's* TWO YEARS, in one handsome 12mo volume, which, in appearance and price, compare most favorably with the expensive English edition which we noticed last week.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

D. Appleton & Co.
Smiles and Frowns. By S. A. Wentz. 1 vol. 12mo, $1.

A. S. Barnes & Co.
The National First Reader. By Richard G. Parker, A.M., and J. M. Watson. 1 vol. 16mo, 25 cents.
The National Second Reader: containing Preliminary Exercises in Articulation, Pronunciation, and Punctuation, etc. By Richard G. Parker, A.M., and J. Madison Watson. 1 vol. 16mo, 38 cents.

Fowler & Wells.
Illinois as it is: its History, Geography, Statistics, Constitution, Prairies, Agriculture, Geology, Mining, Public Institutions, Newspapers, etc. With a Prairie and Wood Map, a Geological Map, a Population Map, and other Illustrations. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 50.

Wiley & Halsted.
The Story of a Pocket-Bible. With Illustrations. 1 vol. 16mo, $1 25.

J. S. Redfield.
Monarchs Retired from Business. By Dr. Doran. 2 vols. 12mo.

Sheldon & Blakeman.
Life in Israel: or, Portraitures of Hebrew Character. By Maria T. Richards. 1 vol. 12mo.

BOSTON.

Whittemore, Niles, & Hall.
New Biographies of Illustrious Men. By T. B. Macaulay, Henry Rogers, and others. 1 vol. 12mo, $1.

PHILADELPHIA.

J. B. Lippincott & Co.
My Last Cruise; or, Where we Went and What we Saw: Account of Visits to the Malay and Loo-Choo Islands, the Coasts of China, Formosa, Japan, Kamtschatka, Siberia, and the Mouth of the Amoor River. By A. W. Habersham, Lieut. U. S. Navy. 1 vol. 8vo, $2 25.
A Review of Rev. J. B. Jeter's Book entitled "Campbellism Examined." By Moses E. Lard, of Missouri. With an Introduction by Alexander Campbell. 1 vol. 12mo.
The American Sportsman: containing Hints to Sportsmen, Notes on Shooting, and the Habits of the Game Birds and Wild Fowl of America. By Elisha J. Lewis, M.D., American editor of "Youatt on the Dog," etc. 1 vol. 8vo, $2 25.
Poems, National and Patriotic. By G. W. Cutter. 1 vol. 8vo.
Counsel to the Awakened; or, the Pathway of Safety. By the Rev. Ashton Oxenden, Rector of Pluckley, Kent. With an Introduction by Rev. C. D. Cooper, Rector of St. Philip's Church, Philadelphia. 1 vol. 16mo, 50 cents.

Lindsay & Blakiston.
Germany; its Universities, Theology, and Religion, etc. By Philip Schaff, D.D., of Mercerburg College, Pennsylvania, author of "Church History." 1 vol. 12mo, $1 25.

T. B. Peterson.
Vivia; or, the Secret of Power. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 25.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

WASHINGTON MOVEMENTS.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.

THE Hon. Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, is appointed Governor of Kansas Territory, in the room of Governor Geary, resigned. Mr. Walker will not leave for Kansas till the first week in May, but his secretary, Hon. Richard F. Stanton, of Tennessee, will proceed directly to the Territory, and will exercise the functions of Governor till his arrival. Governor Geary had several interviews with the President, and was examined at great length by the Cabinet as to the affairs of Kansas. It is said that he complains of not having been properly sustained by the late War Department; and it is likewise rumored that he expresses dissatisfaction with his treatment by Mr. Buchanan. There is reason to believe that Mr. Walker had been selected by Mr. Buchanan for the post of Governor some time ago.

SAD FATE OF THE UNION NEWSPAPER.

Mr. Appleton, of Maine, has retired from the editorship of the *Union* newspaper. It is understood that, after his selection on grounds of personal friendship by Mr. Buchanan, an attempt was made to place him in the position of editor with a salary of $10,000 a year; this plan failed, and Mr. Appleton became one of the proprietors of the paper. It is generally believed that the reason given for his retirement—ill health—is merely a pretext; and that he makes way for some man in whom influential parties shall have more confidence. It is said that the President will have no organ. But this has always been said. The *Union* was emphatically repudiated as the Government organ by Mr. Marcy, in reply to an interpellation from a foreign Minister. The chances at present are, that the *Union* will continue to be the organ of the Administration, and that some new man will be placed at the helm. Colonel Forney, of Pennsylvania, Edmund Burke, of New Hampshire, and Mr. Banks, editor of the *Southside Democrat*, have been mentioned for the post. The printing, of course, if obtained, will be secured through a coalition.

THE SPOILS.

The New York appointments have been made, as we intimated in our last, on the principle of rotation in every instance except the Postmaster. The Hards have the best of the bargain. Mr. Schell is Collector; Young America is represented by George N. Sanders, as Navy Agent; and Tammany Hall by Captain Rynders, who is made Marshal. The list gives pretty general satisfaction, but elicits no enthusiasm.

The business of the other appointments proceeds slowly.

None of the great foreign appointments have been made. Colonel Pickens, of South Carolina, is still prominently put forward for the mission to England. Senator Pratt is mentioned for the mission to Prussia. General Thomas, of the State Department, is said to have applied for the mission to Belgium. Mr. Belmont, now at the Hague, is prepared to sacrifice himself another four years for his country (meaning the United States), by representing it at Paris. But nothing appears to be decided as yet.

WHO IS TO GOVERN UTAH?

A new Governor is wanted for Utah, where things are in a dreadful state. It is alleged that Mr. M'Mullen, of Virginia, will have the refusal of the place. Per contra, a northern man is to go to Nebraska.

LORD NAPIER'S DOINGS.

Lord Napier has given up the idea of living at Georgetown, as he proposes to entertain largely. He has taken Governor Fish's house, which is being enlarged and fitted up handsomely. It is generally believed that he has been directed to reverse Mr. Crampton's policy, and to try to make himself as agreeable as he can. The novelty will attract attention. He has already business in hand. He is trying hard to persuade the President to join the English and French in the operations against China; with what effect can be best judged from the great suffering the Chinese are inflicting on our commerce. He came here with four odd millions of claims against our Government for the destruction of alleged property of British subjects at the bombardment of Greytown. Two weeks before the late Administration went out, M. Sartiges preferred similar demands on behalf of French subjects, requesting Mr. Marcy to leave them open for adjustment by his successor; but he prepared a reply which is regarded as conclusive against our liability, and Lord Napier, feeling its force and bearing upon England in its application to Copenhagen and Canton, will withhold his intended reclamations.

DIPLOMATIC AGONIES.

The new Spanish minister, Señor Tassara, is said to be in the position of the Irishman who entreated his friends to tread on the tail of his coat. He is dying to be insulted by a proposition for the purchase of Cuba. It is to be hoped the President will put him out of his pain.

Chevalier Hulseman has again got himself into a squabble with the Government, and General Cass has been obliged to write to him a pretty long letter upon international law and the privileges of ministers. It seems that the Chevalier had some dispute with the master of a negro woman whom he had hired as a servant, and the master meeting her in the street told her to go home to his house. The woman did so, and the worthy Chevalier has invoked the interposition of the State Department to defend his right as Minister Plenipotentiary of Austria against interference with his servants. General Cass is said to have demolished him in the Webster fashion. Mr. Hulseman should be more careful.

Quite a flutter has been created in diplomatic circles by the announcement that a new rule has been adopted at the State Department with regard to foreign ministers. Heretofore they have always had the *entree* at the Department of State, to the exclusion of other visitors, and enjoyed a preference, which was inconvenient to the Secretary, and not particularly acceptable to the public. He requires them before being admitted to an interview, to request it in writing, and to state at the same time the special object to be considered. This is the invariable rule at foreign courts.

General Herran, the New Granadian Minister, has undertaken the discussion of the pending questions between this country and New Granada. They are very troublesome and difficult of adjustment.

THE PRESIDENT.

Just as the Cabinet had assembled on Thursday, the President received a dispatch from Lancaster, informing him that his nephew, Mr. Lane, brother of Miss Lane, died that morning of inflammation of the bowels. Consequently the Cabinet meeting was postponed until the next day. Miss Lane, accompanied by the President's private Secretary, Mr. Henry, left to attend the funeral. The President was deeply affected by the sad intelligence, for this young man was his especial favorite.

The President has had a slight return of his complaint, and has been two days unable to transact business. Other persons poisoned at the same time are still suffering.

MR. MARCY AND THE MERCHANTS.

The merchants of New York, or at least some of the wealthiest of them, have subscribed largely to purchase a service of plate to be presented to Governor Marcy for his regard to their interests while Secretary of State.

STATE LEGISLATURES.

In the Legislature of New York, the amended charter bill has passed the House, and is expected to pass the Senate without difficulty. Resolutions have been adopted providing for an amendment of the Constitution, so as to abolish the property qualification now required for colored voters, and to place whites and blacks on a footing of equality at the polls. The bill to repeal the usury laws has been lost.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has discussed and referred resolutions nullifying the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. In the same State, the Union State Convention (Know-Nothings and Republicans) has nominated Hon. David Wilmot as the Union candidate for Governor. Chief Justice Lewis, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, has declined the Democratic nomination.

The Free State Convention, at Topeka, Kansas Territory, has passed resolutions adverse to any participation in the election ordered by the Lecompton Legislature.

The State Senate of California has adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, By the people of the State of California, represented in the Senate and Assembly, that the honor, credit, and best interests of the State require that the funded and other outstanding debts of the same should be paid in good faith, and that immediate provision for the payment of the same ought to be made."

In a new case the Supreme Court has reaffirmed the unconstitutionality of the State debt. It is declared illegal and invalid, and it can not be recovered by any ordinary means. Taxes imposed to pay the interest of the debt are likewise illegal, and may be lawfully resisted. The legislative and executive branches of the government can not effectively help in the matter, for their interference would also be "unconstitutional." It remains only for the people themselves, in their sovereign capacity, to take any further steps which may be thought necessary.

ANARCHY IN UTAH.

Matters are coming to a head among the Mormons. Early in January, and just in advance of the meeting of the Supreme Court, a party of the Mormons, in high standing in the Church, and under the advice of Brigham Young, repaired to the office of the Hon. G. P. Stiles, one of the United States District Judges, the law-office of T. S. Williams, Esq., and the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court, and took therefrom all the papers belonging to the Supreme Court, consisting of records, dockets, opinions filed away, together with nine hundred volumes of the laws furnished by the Federal Government for the use of the Territory of Utah. The reason given for this treasonable act was that Congress would not admit them as a State, and that they would not allow the Federal officers to remain in the Territory, and that what officers were now in the Territory must leave. It seems now to be a settled fact that the laws of Congress can not be carried out or put in force in Utah. The only law known or obeyed is the law of the Church, and that is the will of Brigham Young.

OREGON PREPARING FOR ADMISSION INTO THE UNION.

A letter from Oregon Territory says: "The Legislature of Oregon is now in session. Its complexion is almost wholly democratic. Having no opposition of any moment, the Democrats are dividing. The schism is rapidly increasing between the *Standard* men and the *Statesman* clique (the two rival journals of the party), or, as they are now being generally designated, the 'Tender Feet' and 'Putty Heads,' and now promises to be a regular New York 'hard' and 'soft' game, only on a diminutive scale. A bill originated in the Council, and was passed, excluding negroes from the Territory, but was almost unanimously defeated in the House. The defeat of the bill exhibited quite a feeling in favor of the 'domestic institution' on the part of most of those who voted against it; although Delason Smith, a graduate of Oberlin, and a minister to South America under Captain John Tyler, voted against it. But this, undoubtedly, was from a strong fellow-feeling, as he said in his speech, that we needed negroes in every town, and that individually he was deadly opposed to slavery. A bill was passed submitting the question of State government to the people in June. The people will undoubtedly vote for it, and you may expect Oregon in less than a year asking for admission into the American Union. The question of slavery will then be submitted to the people, and the result is very doubtful. Unquestionably the pro-slavery party are gaining ground and numbers. The large donation of land to early settlers (640 acres), with the sparse population, will greatly influence many to vote for it who otherwise would not."

MINNESOTA DOING LIKEWISE.

On the first Monday of June next the people of Minnesota Territory are to elect delegates to meet in convention, on the second Monday of July following, to determine whether it is the wish of the people of the proposed State to be admitted into the Union; and if so, to proceed to the adoption of a constitution and the organization of a State government, in conformity with the Federal constitution, subject to the approval and ratification of the people.

THE WAR IN FLORIDA.

A letter from the seat of the Indian war in Florida, says: "The ball is now opened; we have received Indian news at last. Yesterday a party of Johnston's Company, Florida Mounted Volunteers, arrived here from Fort Centre, having a squaw and child about a year old, whom they captured on the 4th inst. The day before, a warrior was shot (the squaw's husband), after being four times called to surrender. Both of these occurrences took place twenty miles north of Istokpoga Lake. This morning an express arrived from Captain Stevenson, commanding in the Big Cypress, stating that Lieutenant Freeman, with 'G' Company, 5th Infantry, who were in advance reconnoitering 'Garden Hammock' near Bowlegstown, were fired on by the Indians. Lieutenant Freeman was wounded very severely in the right arm, etc., and three privates wounded. Captain Stevenson arrived at the scene of action next morning with the remainder of his command at the Hammock, and made an attack, driving out the Indians, who fought gallantly for fifteen minutes. The loss of the 5th Infantry is 4 killed, 6 wounded, and 1 missing. Loss of Indians not known, though they were distinctly seen carrying off a number of bodies from the Hammock. Captain Stevenson is of opinion that the Indians are going to make a stand there. Great excitement here, sending out troops, etc."

A NEW TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

A new company has just been started in London, under the title of the European and American International Telegraph Company. They propose to lay a submarine cable from the south coast of England to Cape Finisterre in Spain: thence through the Atlantic westward. The following are the various points to be connected, with the approximate distances:

Lizard to Cape Finisterre	450	miles.
Bordeaux to Cape Finisterre	360	"
Cape Finisterre to Cape Rocca	270	"
Cape Rocca to San Miguel	780	"
San Miguel to Flores	300	"
Flores to Cape Cod	1800	"
Total	3,900	miles.

It will be perceived that the distance between the two continents is only 1800 miles. The entire work is to be completed during the year 1858.

A CASPAR HAUSER STORY.

A Western paper draws upon the credulity of its readers to the following extent: "A wild man was caught last week, and brought to town. He was surrounded in a sort of lair, beneath a dense cluster of undergrowth, like the habitation of a wild beast, and filled with the bones and skins of cats, which seemed to have constituted his principal article of food. For this strange diet he has a peculiar *penchant*, and eschewed almost every other. He hunted cats with an avidity prompted by an extreme voracity, and it was in the pursuit and slaughter of these animals that he was first discovered. Frequent attempts were made to capture him, but his agility and speed were such that he appeared to run upon the tops of the bushes, and fences offered no impediment to his headlong course. At length, a great number surrounded and secured him. He attempted battle, but was overcome. When brought to the court-house he presented the strangest appearance conceivable. His height was about five and a half feet; his hair long, reddish brown, and matted; his eyes large, gray, and restless; his finger nails as long as the claws of a tiger; his deportment crouching—half-timid, half-threatening; and his garments consisted of a thousand tatters of cloths, barks, cat-skins, etc., bound together by cat-guts. He said he was from the State of New York, and had been in the woods thirty-six years. While he was being examined, and was permitted to stand unbound, he made a sudden spring over the heads of those who surrounded him, and darted away with the speed of the reindeer. The crowd pursued him, but in vain. Over the hills he fairly flew, before both footmen and horsemen, until he was fairly lost to them. Nothing since has been heard of him."

Look out for this wild man at Barnum's.

DEATH ON THE STAGE.

One evening last week, while one of the largest and most brilliant audiences ever seen in America was enjoying the splendid performance of "Linda di Chamouni" in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, there was a scene of startling contrast behind the curtain. A very worthy member of the female chorus, whose services, from her long experience, were very valuable, died suddenly in the green-room, just as the opera was about to begin, of disease of the heart. It was a shocking and solemn incident, and created a great deal of agitation among the performers, especially among the choristers, who had so long been associated with her and accustomed to follow her directions in the performances.

It was some time before the singers could recover their composure sufficiently to enable them to go on. But the vast audience before the curtain knew nothing of the sad tragedy that had occurred, and it was not deemed advisable to inform them of it. There was a delay of ten or fifteen minutes in the commencement of the performance; but then the curtain rose, and the Swiss villagers appeared, smiling and gay in their rustic costume, and no one thought that within a few yards of them lay the corpse of one of their number, arrayed like them in the bright dress of the canton. The prima donna and all forced down the emotions that the tragedy excited, and went through with their parts with apparent composure. The audience were more than usually enthusiastic and gay. Cheers and bravas greeted the prima donna, and bright bouquets were showered at her feet. To the few who had heard of the grim intrusion of the King of Terrors into the temple of mirth and festivity, the scene before the curtain had in it something of the awful.

A HORRIBLE BRUTE.

A few days since, a wretch who lives in Byron, Ogle County, beat a child in that town in a most brutal and shocking manner. His name is Livingston; he recently married a widow with two or three children. On the morning in question it appears that, at the breakfast-table, the child made some remark, at which he flew into a passion and struck the child. The mother then interfered and told him to desist, which he did, and apparently was sorry for the act. In the evening he had his wife put the children to bed, and then invited her to go out with him to call upon one of the neighbors. While at the neighbor's he made some excuse for leaving, and returned home alone, went to the bed where the child was sleeping, aroused it, and commenced beating it with his flat hand. Its cries alarmed a Mrs. Canterbury, a near neighbor, who, looking through the window, saw the proceeding. After beating the child with his flat hand until he became apparently tired, he held him up and struck him with his fist in the face and head at least a dozen times, and in fact until he became perfectly insensible. He then deliberately washed the blood from off the bedclothes of the child, and returned to the neighbor's, where his wife was staying. On returning home with his wife, and when she discovered the situation of the child, he appeared to be much surprised. It was not until Saturday, when the child was considered in danger, that the neighbor, Mrs. Canterbury, told what she saw. The man was thereupon arrested and held to bail to appear at the next Circuit Court. After these proceedings were over, the citizens seized and took him into the street, and there gave him such a castigation as he will probably remember to the day of his death.

A SLIGHT INDISCRETION.

Considerable interest is excited among the friends and relatives of a certain Miss Jaquett in Philadelphia. The lady in question has made application for a divorce. The circumstances of the case are peculiar. Miss Jaquett, about a year ago, was at a party with a certain Mr. Batchell, where the one challenged the other to get married by way of a joke. The banter was accepted. The gentleman and lady jumped into a vehicle, posted off to a neighboring clergyman, where the knot was tied. But the lady, having shown her spirit, declared she would carry the joke no farther. Both parties soon found they had gone too far. Mr. Batchell was a gentleman of property in Ohio. He could no longer make title to his real estate. The young lady, who reigned as a village belle, soon found she had been trifling with a serious matter. It was an act of youthful indiscretion, for which the law had provided no remedy.

WAKED HIM SUDDENLY.

A Mr. Halsey, living in this city, was awaked one night last week by receiving in his thigh the contents of a rifle loaded with powder and ball. It appears that in the adjoining house lives a man named Charles A. Moore, who has been drunk for several days past. Yesterday morning he got up in a delirium, as is supposed, and fired the rifle at Mr. Halsey's house, with the disagreeable result recorded. Mr. Halsey was seriously injured, but is now doing well.

A WOMAN BEATEN TO DEATH.

A most brutal murder has just been committed in Alabama upon the body of Mrs. Wadkins, wife of Wilson Wadkins, and daughter of Isaac M'Elyea, by a man of the name of Roland. The circumstances are that Roland and old M'Elyea were engaged in a fight; Mrs. Wadkins came to the relief of her father, when Roland turned upon her and brutally beat her to death, her body, from her abdomen to her head, having been beaten almost to a jelly. Roland is from North Carolina, a stone-mason and a chimney-builder by trade; he is a tall, thin-visaged man. He has made his escape, but it is hoped he may yet be arrested, and brought to justice. Reports in the neighborhood say he recently fled from North Carolina for the crime of murder.

MR. BUCHANAN WANTS A CHECK CASHED.

A tall, gentlemanly, kid-gloved personage entered the Chief's office on Tuesday last and informed officer Masterson that he was James Buchanan, President of the United States, and had come to the City Hall, which he understood was the United States Bank, to draw his year's salary. He presented a check on the Ulster County Bank, drawn in favor of James Vanderburg for $25,000, and wanted to see the cashier. The officer replied that he was the cashier, but could not pay the draft at that moment, whereupon Mr. Buchanan expressed his regret, and stated that he had been offered the money at the Mint, but as it was in coin he declined taking it, as being too unwieldy to be portable. Mr. Buchanan talked very fluently and sensibly with the officer, and assured him that the country would be safe while he occupied the White House. He left, promising to call again and get his draft honored next day. The officer was incredulous enough to believe that the party was insane, and that his friends ought to look after him.

THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE EAST RIVER.

A bill is now before the Legislature to throw a suspension bridge over the East River from New York to Brooklyn, with a span higher than the skysail of the tallest clipper, with one terminus near the Park on the New York side, and the other far enough back in Brooklyn to secure an easy grade of ascent. The plan is pronounced feasible, and within the cost of a profitable investment, by Mr. Roebling, the architect of the Niagara suspension bridge. He is probably one of the best bridge engineers living, and his judgment, both as to cost and durability, is entitled to respect.

FOLDING PAPERS UNDER OATH.

The following oath is said to have been administered in the Iowa Legislature to a little boy ten years of age, chosen to fold up documents:

"You do solemnly swear to support the Constitution of the United States and of this state, and to *fold papers* to the best of your ability, so help you God."

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND.

DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

LORD PALMERSTON has announced the course which his Government intend to pursue in consequence of their recent defeat on the Chinese question. As the state of the public business would not permit an immediate dissolution of Parliament, he proposed to dissolve the House in May, and until then, to go on with such measures only as called for immediate action—namely, the financial estimates, and a temporary mutiny act, leaving the general question of taxation to be dealt with by the new Parliament. With respect to the policy which he would pursue toward China, until the decision of the country should be taken, his administration would continue to defend their rights and improve their relations with China in a firm but peaceful way, and *in conjunction with France, and, he hoped, with America, to secure an extension of commercial advantages*. In the House of Lords a similar announcement was made by Earl Granville.

THE CRIMEAN COMMISSIONERS.

The House of Commons recommends to the Queen to bestow an appropriate reward on Sir John M'Neil and Colonel Tullock for their services as Crimean Commissioners.

It will be remembered that these gentlemen fearlessly performed a most arduous duty—accounted for the loss of the British army, and enabled the Government to avoid losing another. For this service, 18 months after their report was received, they were thanked and offered £1000 apiece. The latter was indignantly declined. Sir John M'Neil said:

"Your lordship informs me that her Majesty's Government have been pleased to grant me £1000, and you add—'this grant is intended not as a mere pecuniary equivalent for the results of your inquiries, but to convey likewise, in the manner which appears to them most proper, the recognition of the zeal and ability with which those inquiries were conducted, to which Lord Palmerston, in his place in Parliament, has already borne testimony.'

"If I rightly understand the statement of the grounds on which the grant is tendered to me, it means that the sum of £1000 is intended to be considered not merely as a recognition by her Majesty's Government of the manner in which the duty was performed, but likewise as the pecuniary equivalent of the results of the inquiry—that is, the money value of the advantages which the country has derived from those results.

"This estimate alone is sufficient to lead me, without further consideration, at once to decline a proposal which, as explained by your lordship, appears to me to involve the admission that the results of my labors have been so insignificant as to be almost without appreciable value to the public. The thanks which your lordship has done me the honor to convey to me would have been far more acceptable if they had been unconnected with such an estimate."

THE PERSIAN TREATY.

In reply to inquiries from members of the Houses, Lord Clarendon has said that the Persian Treaty is of the most satisfactory nature. Persia undertook to evacuate Herat within three months after its ratification, and upon the fulfillment of that condition England would immediately evacuate the Persian territory. Commercial advantages were also gained, as England was to be placed on a footing with the most favored nations, while all further disputes between Persia and Afghanistan were to be referred to the arbitration of England. Lord Palmerston added that England had relinquished the right of protecting Persians in Persia against the Shah.

A MAIDEN MISER.

For several years past, a house in Walworth has been occupied by Miss Sarah Elliott, a maiden lady advanced in years and of most singular and eccentric habits; and, though no doubts were entertained by her neighbors that she was highly connected, yet none of her friends were observed to visit her. A few days ago, about half-past 12 o'clock, she came down stairs and entered the parlor, where it had been the custom of her servant to place half a pint of ale, procured on the overnight, and this she drank, and this was the last time she was seen alive. Her servant, finding at about 3 o'clock that she had given no orders for dinner, knocked repeatedly at the parlor door; receiving no answer she became alarmed, and called in some of the neighbors, who forced the door open, when the lady was found lying on three chairs quite dead and cold. The medical man who had been attending her had been called in, and it was his opinion that she died from natural causes. Sergeant Coppin was subsequently sent for, and that officer, accompanied by the coroner's officer, went to the house, and in a small dirty bag which had been found under the head of the deceased as she lay were 40 sovereigns and six £5 bank-notes. The house had been at one time richly furnished, but, from neglect, is at present in a deplorable state. The person of the deceased was covered with rags, held together by pins; it is the opinion of the officers that there were not less than from 2000 to 3000 pins employed in this, though she had suits of clothes of a costly character in her house. There can be no doubt the deceased was partial to the bottle, as the servant said she bought her a bottle of wine on the day before she died, which she finished, and alongside her was found a bottle of gin, partly empty.

BOULD IRISH LADIES.

Among the many curious stories which may at some future day form materials for the historian of the Irish Court, there is one at present in general circulation, which, if the facts be not exaggerated, will be not the least amusing of the series. Three ladies, daughters of a gentleman, residing in a county town not thirty miles from Dublin, not having been honored with cards of invitation to the late grand ball of the Lord Lieutenant, determined to try their chance of admission without going through the necessary forms, and they were successful. Although quite unknown to the rest of the guests, they obtained partners, and danced merrily throughout the night. At length, questions began to be asked as to the identity of the fair strangers, and Mr. Bagot, the Chamberlain, having consulted his list, speedily ascertained that they had come unbidden to the feast; but no further notice was then taken of the matter, and the ladies were permitted to finish the night as they had begun it. On the day following, however, a billet from the Chamberlain's office was dispatched to the intruders, requesting to know upon what authority they had attended the ball on the night previous, as most positively he (the Chamberlain) had not furnished them with the requisite passports. The reply to this was candid, and even conciliatory. They admitted that they had not been honored with invitations, but they kindly attributed the omission to an oversight on the part of the Chamberlain, but as they knew no offense was designed no more need be said upon the subject. The answer to this explanation was written in a totally different spirit, as the ladies were politely informed that upon a review of the case the Lord-Lieutenant had come to the conclusion that their presence at the next Drawing-room could be dispensed with. Nowise abashed by this intimation they rejoined that such a communication was altogether superfluous, as before its receipt they had reconsidered the slight put upon them on the previous occasion, and had resolutely made up their minds to discountenance the Irish Court for the rest of the (so-called) fashionable season.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON SNOOZING.

A curious instance of abstraction of mind from the dull details of legal duty in the case of the popular historian and Scotch county Judge, Sir Archibald Alison, came before the law courts at Edinburgh the other day. An appeal to the Court of Session was made against an interlocutor of Sir Archibald, as sheriff principal of Lanarkshire, pronounced on the 13th of September last in a horse case. In reversing the judgment, the court said that the origin of the whole confusion was evidently Sheriff Alison's mistaking of the pursuer, who lent the horse, for the carrier, whose horse was also killed, but who had nothing to do with the action at all. When the case came before the second division of the Court of Session the Lord Justice Clerk asked counsel if they were sure they had not printed a wrong interlocutor, for this one seemed so inapplicable to the case. In advising the case his Lordship remarked that the interlocutor was altogether unexampled in his experience. Lord Murray said he confessed he had a suspicion that the learned sheriff's mind had been so engrossed in historical matters that it was not in a condition to consider any thing so modern as an interlocutor. But *bonus aliquando dormitat Homerus*. He was not for taking any particular notice of it, except what could not be avoided, for judges could err like other people. The result was that the interlocutor of the sheriff principal was altered, and the Court found the defender liable to the pursuer in the sum of £20 and expenses, as the sheriff substitute had originally done.

AGONIZING SCENE AT A FIRE.

A terrible fire has just taken place in Aldgate, London, on the premises of a victualer. The discovery was made by police-constable No. 648 of the City force, by seeing smoke pouring through the apertures of the bar shutters. The constable, without delay, sounded an alarm, and sent off for the Royal Society's fire-escape. After some trouble the whole of the inmates, consisting of the landlady, her son and daughter, Mary Holman, the barmaid, and Joseph Rippon, the barman, were made sensible of their impending danger, when they made an attempt to descend by the staircase, but upon reaching the second floor landing they were met by such powerful bodies of smoke as to prostrate the landlady, and being a female weighing nearly seventeen stone her family were unable to lift her. The other occupants were enabled to gain the second floor, where they commenced screaming most piteously, and at the same time the vats of spirits kept exploding, making a noise like the discharge of fire-arms. At this conjuncture, George Harmsworth arrived with the Aldgate escape; and having placed the machine, he ascended it, and succeeded in bringing down in safety the son and daughter of the landlady, Mary Holman, the barmaid, and Joseph Rippon, the barman. The conductor was then informed that the proprietress was lying insensible upon the landing, and would, no doubt, be quickly suffocated. The man, with the greatest coolness imaginable, again mounted his escape, and entered by the second floor window, at which time the smoke was issuing half across the street. The conductor was called to by the crowd below to come down, but, regardless of losing his own life, he crawled along the flooring, when he managed to reach the landlady, who was perfectly insensible. Having raised her on his back, he carried her through the dense masses of smoke, and placed her in the bagging of the escape. Owing to her being so stout, he was forced to push her down; and the moment they reached the ground, the conductor was most enthusiastically applauded by the crowd below.

FRANCE.

THE GREAT SWINDLING CASE.

The great swindling case—the trial of the directors of the Napoleon docks for fraudulently appropriating the funds of the concern—has been brought to a close. It appears from the reports that M. Arthur Berryer, a son of the distinguished advocate of that name, a Government commissioner, whose duty it was to watch over the proceedings of the company, was accused of having connived at the frauds with which the directors are charged, and that he threw upon three ministers the responsibility which the prosecution seeks to fix upon himself. He said that M. Persigny, who, when Minister of Commerce, appointed him to the post, M. Magne, and M. Rouher were all made aware by him that the company, though ostensibly starting with subscriptions for 200,000 shares, had, in fact, only from 85,000 to 86,000 shares subscribed for. If they chose to take no initiative, M. Berryer argued that it was not for him, a subaltern, to make a stir about the matter. M. Berryer further stated positively that it was known at the Ministry that, beyond his regular salary of 5000 francs, he had an extra allowance when he went to England to study the subject of the docks. On being pressed by the President, he said that the whole truth of this affair would probably never be ascertained; that he "also possessed secrets, and, if hard driven, would disclose them." This gentleman throughout the whole proceedings manifested the greatest *sang froid* and confidence in his own position, directly contradicted the positive statements of the ex-Director-General of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce; and being asked to explain a letter in which the minister said, "The intervention of a government commissioner in the commercial transactions of a company which he is charged to superintend with great strictness would be fraught with serious inconvenience," M. Berryer admitted that the letter was written, but said that it was written officially, and for form's sake, and that his counsel, when he came to the defense, would produce a private ministerial letter of an opposite tendency.

The effrontery and impudence with which the son of the celebrated advocate conducted himself before the tribunal was disgusting. M. Berryer publicly boasted that he did not share the disloyal opinions of his father, a legitimist, but that he is a loyal subject of the government of the *coup d'etat*.

Judgment was rendered on the 7th. M. Orsi was acquitted. Cusin was sentenced to imprisonment for three years, and to pay a fine of 5000 francs. Arthur Berryer two years and 5000 francs. Legendre, one year and 5000 francs. Duchesne de Vere, six months and 2000 francs, and all to refund the sums fraudulently appropriated.

HOW THE PERSIAN MINISTER IS GOT UP.

Feruk Khan is still the lion of Paris. His "get up" is thus described by an enthusiastic lion fancier: "The first thing that strikes the observer is, I don't say the youth, but the early manhood, of every member of the Persian mission. Feruk Khan himself can not be more than thirty, and the kinsmen of the Shah scarcely so much. The secretaries are much younger. The dress of the embassador, I suspect, has been slightly Parisianized, to accommodate it to European tastes; the consequence is, it loses something of both countries without any corresponding improvement. The head gear and the surtout were strictly Persian; but here the unity ceased. The cap is jet black and formed like a cone—very much, in fact, like the fool's cap which, in our young days, was wont to garnish the head of some scapegrace whom all other penalties could not deter. It is about 18 inches high, and is made of the fur of the lamb prematurely taken away from its dam, whose life is sacrificed that the fleece of her youngling may adorn an Oriental brow ere that fleece has become soiled by coming into the world under the ordinary process of parturition. This black fur cap comes so low down on the brow that it almost touches the eyes, and is certainly no improvement to the general contour. But the cap is to the highborn Persian what the hair is to a young woman—an adjunct of inestimable value. Feruk Khan wore a silk surtout, in every respect like an Indian silk dressing-gown except that it was not so long. Underneath it was a pale yellow tunic, which crossed his breast, and very much resembled the yellow waistcoats of cambric which, till lately, were much worn by European and American gentlemen. The base of the pattern of the silk surtout was a *fade* green. The sleeves were cut short a little above the elbows, where they met a kind of yellow mitten, fitting close to the arm, and, in the case of the Persian princes, came down to the knuckles, like the same article of dress with ladies. The embassador, however, wore white kid gloves. He also wore a white stock with a Joinville tie, and white trowsers of faultless purity, with shiny boots—all which gear I presume to be pure innovations. On his breast—on either side—glittered a magnificent star, in the centre of which was an immense ruby, surrounded by diamonds of dazzling brilliancy. In addition to these two stars, there peeped from between the folds of his surtout the hilt of a sword, which was one mass of glittering jewels. His height must be six feet, and his figure is slight and gracefully formed. He has eyes like the gazelle, and their animation is striking to a degree.

HE DASHES OFF CHAMPAGNE HEROICALLY.

Though the Persians are great tipplers, Feruk Khan is an exception. He can not be prevailed upon to tipple. Even the Foreign Minister was unable to make him break through his rule. But the other day he dined with Lord Cowley. Suddenly a young English lady—a niece of Sir George Dallas—who happened to be of the party, and who had learned a little Persian, addressed him with a quotation from Hafiz, the favorite Persian poet, in which he says that a banquet without wine is like a spring without flowers. The Persian's eyes flashed fire at the sound of his mother tongue from lips so fair, and at words so familiar to every literary Persian; smiling his acknowledgments at the fair speaker, he for the first time filled up a glass of Champagne, and dashed it off with a heroism which seemed to desire no other paradise than the present.

A NEW GOVERNMENT ORGAN.

The great event of the day, in the Paris press, is the arrangement of the Government with *La Patrie* to become the first of the semi-official journals. All the principal men of the Government journalism will take part in it, from the President of the Senate, M. Troplong, to Dr. Veron. The names of all the co-operators have been published; among them are eight councilors of state, twenty members of the legislative body, five ex-ministers, and eight senators. *La Patrie* is thus likely to be the most important organ of France.

THE GREATEST HAIRDRESSER IN THE WORLD GONE.

Léger, the well-known hairdresser of the opera, has just expired. He was so modest a man that he not unfrequently spoke of the sublime inspirations which he had in his art. One evening he was called in to dress the hair of a very beautiful woman then much admired in Paris. He found a quantity of flowers, ribbons, and wreaths on the table to choose from, and, by chance, near them a pair of silk stockings, which that lady was to wear. Leger cast a glance of contempt at the ordinary articles prepared for him, and seizing on the stockings, declared that he would dress her hair with them. The lady, who had full confidence in his taste, made no objection; and the same night she appeared with an incomprehensible *chef-d'œuvre* on her head, producing an admirable effect. The next morning the lady received several applications from persons whom she knew, requesting to know where they could obtain a head-dress of similar beauty, and inquiring whether it could not be lent for an hour. The lady replied that the principal material was a web of the Tarantula spider, which never lasted but one night, and that consequently lending was out of the question. Strange to say, not one of them was ever able to find the material mentioned by the lady.

A QUEER PLACE TO HANG ONE'S SELF.

In a rural district in France, a shepherd, of a sullen and reserved disposition, who frequently quarreled with his wife, disappeared, and months elapsed without receiving intelligence of him. One day the widow had occasion to light a fire, and, as the smoke did not ascend properly, a Savoyard boy was sent up. He came down, horror struck, saying that there was a decomposed body in the chimney. This was the remains of the shepherd. He had climbed up the chimney with a rope, a nail, and a hammer; he had fixed the nail, tied the rope round his neck, and put the hammer in his pocket, then turned himself off, and so died. He had often threatened to make away with himself in such a way that his wife, not being able to prove his death, should not marry again.

THE STUFF FRENCH BISHOPS ARE MADE OF.

The oldest bishop in France is M. de Prilly, Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne; he is in his eighty-second year. The career of this venerable prelate is somewhat out of the common line. On the 8th of February, 1807, the day of the battle of Eylau, the Emperor Napoleon, in order the better to ascertain the movements of the enemy, ascended to the summit of the church steeple, and thence swept the field with his telescope. After he had been a short time on the look-out from this observatory, he all at once perceived a column of infantry, which was moving rapidly to the church in the belfry of which he had taken his position. Napoleon descended quickly, mounted his horse, and galloped to a French corps which was close at hand; it was the 15th regiment of dragoons, which filled a distinguished place in the annals of the Imperial army. "Look at that mass," he said to the colonel; "charge it home. The fate of the battle depends on your doing so." The men put spurs to their horses and dashed forward in the direction the Emperor pointed. The enemy, taken in flank, were in a short time broken and sabred under the Emperor's eye. When the work was done, and the dragoons were getting into order, Napoleon presented himself among them. The captain of the troop *d'elite* held a color in his hand, which had been taken from the Russians. "Captain," said the Emperor, "that flag is the best proof of your bravery; I give you the cross of the Legion of Honor." "The honor of the act is not mine, Sire," said the captain, bowing; "it belongs to Lieutenant D——." "No, Sire," said the lieutenant, "it was my captain who took the color from the enemy, and it is he who merits the cross." "Well, well, Messieurs, all I can say is that you are as modest as you are brave," said the Emperor, smiling; "you shall both have the cross." The captain and his lieutenant contracted on that day a friendship which still subsists in all its force. The captain was known to be of a serious character and of austere morals, and he was, like Bayard, without fear and without reproach; and the younger officers respected and feared him more than they did those of higher authority over them. At the peace of 1814 many officers renounced the military profession, and sought their fortunes in another career. The captain of dragoons in question, under the influence of a call which he could not resist, entered the ecclesiastical seminary of Avignon. His friend, the lieutenant, remained with the army, rose to the rank of general officer, and married and settled in Versailles. The Captain took orders, was named superior of the seminary, subsequently Vicar-General of the diocese, and is now the Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne, to which See he was appointed in 1824 by the Government of Louis XVIII.

HOW MEN OF LETTERS RESPECT EACH OTHER IN FRANCE.

Victor Hugo has lately been attacked in a scurrilous French paper called the *Figaro*. It has come out that the author of the attack, which was signed "Susanne," was Mdlle. Brohan, an actress. On learning this, Alexander Dumas addressed the following letter to the Director of the Theatre-Français:

"SIR—I learn that the '*Courrier*' of the *Figaro*, signed *Suzanne*, is from the pen of Mdlle. Augustine Brohan. I have such a friendship and such an admiration for M. Victor Hugo, that I desire that a person who attacks him in his exile should no longer act in any play of mine. I shall, therefore, be obliged by your withdrawing from the repertoire *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* and the *Demoiselles de Saint Cyr*, unless you prefer to place in other hands the characters in these plays represented by Mdlle. Brohan. Accept, etc. A. DUMAS."

"This letter," says the Belgian *National* (and we heartily concur with our contemporary), "will remain as a noble protest against the insults of a heartless woman, who has proved herself incapable of respecting genius, or fame, or misfortune, or exile."

PRUSSIA.

THE NEUFCHATEL QUESTION.

The Neufchatel Conference is progressing but slowly, the Prussians using every effort to procure delay. It is understood that the French Emperor has at length resolved to close at once a question which has kept Central Europe in a state of suspense, and contains the elements of future danger. Count Walewski has, in consequence, signified to the Prussian Minister that the claims insisted on by the King of Prussia are not of a nature to simplify the dispute, and that it would be advisable, in the interest of European tranquillity, to waive certain pretensions which Switzerland could not be expected to admit, and which France could not with any justice see imposed on a country which has confided its interests to her protection. On the other hand, the Emperor has recommended Dr. Kern to repay concession by concession, and to depart from a system of resolute defiance which, though admirable as an evidence of the independence of Switzerland, is by no means calculated to facilitate the diplomatic solution of the vexatious question.

SPAIN.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR WITH MEXICO.

Spain continues her preparations for war, and is said to be endeavoring to induce Great Britain and France to keep this country in check, so as to demolish Mexico at her ease.

The Government is getting ready a reinforcement of 8000 men for the army of Cuba, who will sail from the port of Cadiz as soon as the means can be provided. There is a call upon the mercantile marine for about thirty transport ships, and the fleet will be made up of the squadron now riding at anchor in the Bay of Mahon, with the vessels getting ready in the navy yards of Terrol, Cartagena, and Cadiz. The squadron will probably mount not far from 200 guns, with five or six steamers, which, with the squadron already in the waters of Cuba, will make a very respectable blockading fleet, and will put the whole Gulf coast of Mexico at the mercy of the Spaniards. The operations of the expedition will probably be confined to the bombardment and occupation of Vera Cruz. General Concha is mentioned as commander of the forces. Santa-Anna is referred to in connection with the movement.

HOW THE KING OF SPAIN BOUGHT HIS WIFE.

The papers mention a law-case, full of curious revelations, brought by M. Palet against the husband of Queen Isabella. The *Gazette des Tribunaux* gives the text of the document produced by M. Palet in support of his claim. It is a letter written by the King's own hand, and runs thus: "I give you, as my father has done, full power to take all necessary steps for bringing about the marriage of the Queen of Spain with me. I know your ability, and am persuaded that all will be ratified by me and my father, and that all the expenses will be paid to you after my marriage, out of the first disposable money, either out of the treasury or the royal purse."

ITALY.

THE QUEEN'S ACCOUCHEMENT.

We hear from Naples that, on the 28th of February, the Queen of Naples was happily delivered of a prince, at Caserta, being her ninth child.

KING BOMBA HAS A DREAM.

His Majesty, it is said, has ordered thirteen Pontificali to be said—masses served by a bishop—and on Monday the Capellano Maggiore went over to Caserta to assist. There are curious reasons assigned for this novel proceeding, and among them is the following, which, whether true or false, is equally curious, as giving us an insight into the royal or the popular mind. The reason is this—that his Majesty has had a dream, in which he has been assured of deliverance from his embarrassments, provided he would perform these acts of devotion.

STATE OF THE PAPAL PRISONS.

Those who are condemned for state offenses are now divided as prisoners between two fortresses, namely Paliano and another, named after Pope Urban. The latter is situated on the frontiers of the Papal dominions, toward Modena, and the former place is about thirty-five miles from Rome. The air is not pure at one of these places, and at the other it is pernicious, especially in hot weather. There are more than a hundred prisoners in Fort Urbano, and about two hundred in the other fort, Paliano; one hundred of them were condemned for being members of secret societies. In the rooms and chambers where the prisoners sleep in the fortress of Paliano, there is no glass to the windows, but very thin canvas, so that draughts of wind enter and give them face-aches and toothaches. There is no light in their rooms at night. The daily food of a prisoner consists of eighteen ounces of brown bread, which is sometimes full of dust and earth, together with half a pint of a miserable liquor, which is called wine, and four ounces of heavy dough or rice, or else six ounces of beans or French beans boiled with water and lard in a sort of broth, which on Fridays, Saturdays, or fast-days is made with water and oil, in the proportion of twenty ounces of lard or of oil in a hundred ounces of the broth. The unfortunate man who receives no aid from his family or friends, and is obliged to depend on the prison diet to keep himself alive, is indeed to be pitied, for if he does not die in the wretched place, he will protract a most painful existence, which will be to him a long and dreadful agony. Those who, from disease of long standing, are unable to eat this food, have three ounces of flesh given them, which, when it is cooked, is reduced to scarcely one ounce, together with four ounces of bread, of rice, or of bran boiled up with salt, and called broth by the Papal Government; they also have half a pint of wine, and bread like that given to the others.

NO BEDS.

There are now no beds, not even any benches, in this prison, as there were in the time of Gregory XVI.; there is no such thing as a mattress or a chest of drawers. The prisoner has nothing but a canvas sack, stuffed with straw, which is stretched upon a stone shelf in the wall; he lies there, whatever be the weather, with no covering but a woolen rug, the weight of which is from 6 pounds to 10 pounds, and he is allowed to hang his clothes and linen upon a cord. The prisoners are clothed, winter and summer, like other prisoners condemned for criminal offenses, since it was provided by a decree of the minister at the end of November, 1855, that the political prisoners should be kept on an equality with all the others, and no distinction made between them. By another ministerial decree, in June last year, an edict of Cardinal Lante, dated 1806, which prescribes the punishment of the *cavalletto* (riding a horizontal rail) for any sort of disturbance made by the inmates, was revived and made applicable in the prison of Paliano.

NO WASHING.

The regulations which are prescribed by the Sacra Consulta forbid the use of a basin, a pot, a glass tumbler, an earthenware plate, a chair, a table, or any other of those articles which the poorest man regards as necessary furniture, and being deprived of which is, in itself, a new and serious punishment to those who, when they were at liberty, enjoyed a comfortable life. The prisoners have given to them only a pitcher for their water, a tin cup, and a tin plate, such as that which soldiers call a *gamella;* these articles are to serve them both to wash themselves and to eat their food. It is true that many of them do, in fact, get a basin, a glass tumbler, and now and then, also, a clay plate or two; but this is done by the special favor and permission of the commandant, who does not prevent them from purchasing these articles. In the winter, they drink the water of the cisterns, and in the summer, the stagnant and verminous water of the moat, to which cause, as much as to any thing, may be ascribed the virulent and prolonged attacks of intermittent fever with which the prisoners are afflicted, especially those who are natives of the northern provinces.

NO BEARD EVEN.

It can not even be said that the prisoners are allowed to beguile the tedious hours with study, for the vicar of Paliano, the clerical inspector of their books, if the book happens to be in a foreign language, or to contain any such words as Italy, democracy, liberty, independence, or any other word he does not like, prohibits its use, though it be not one of the books prohibited by the index. He does not even allow *Telemaque* to be read, for he does not understand French, and can read nothing but his breviary. A political prisoner is not even allowed to wear his own beard, and when he is discharged from prison he must be shaved, and rejoin his friends shorn of the proper sign of virility, and exhibiting the detestable sign of his past misfortunes.

NICARAGUA.

We have no later news of consequence from the seat of war. Walker is still at Rivas, intrenched. The position of the enemy is still the same.

The other Central American States want to get something for making war on Walker; so they have made a little family party, and agreed to divide up Nicaragua among them. The story the friends of the new spoliation scheme tell is this:

Costa Rica will take both banks of the San Juan River and the Territory between the lake and the Carribean Sea. Honduras will take Chontales. The rest will fall to San Salvador.

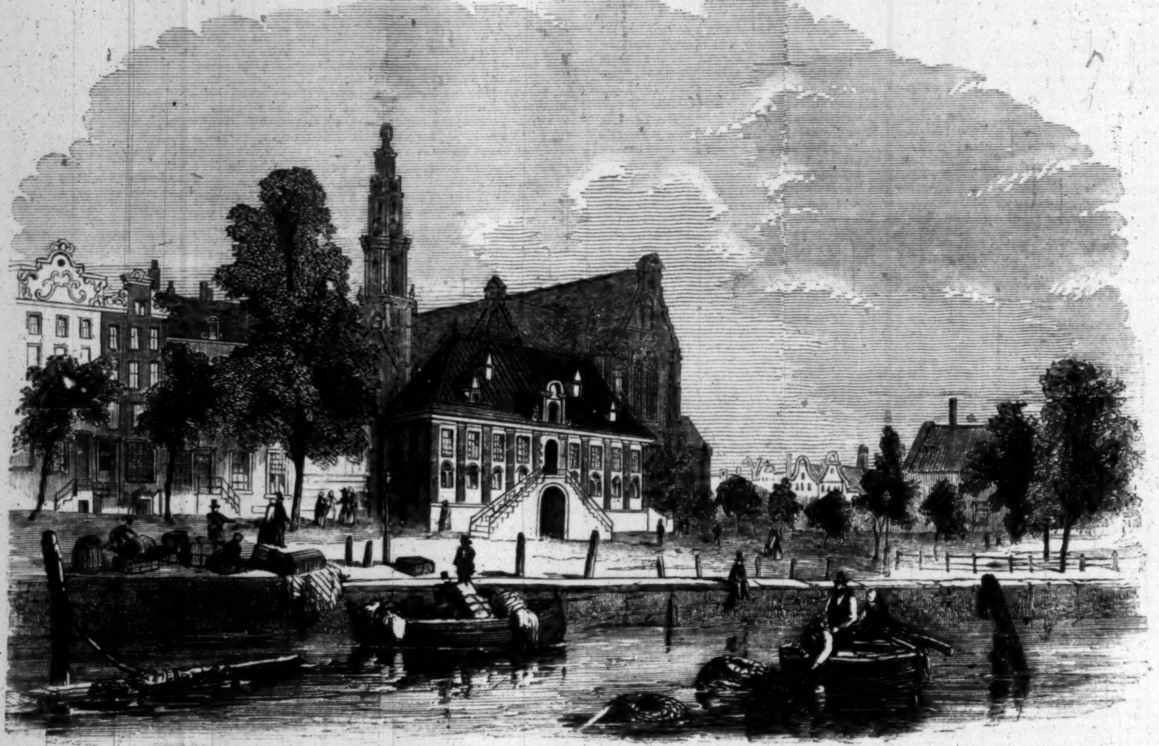
In agreeing to this arrangement, it is understood that each of the States keeps a sufficient force in the territory it may receive, to preserve peace and security to person and property.

It is also understood that all the Powers interested will stipulate that, after the lapse of a number of years (to be named), the fragments shall be permitted to unite again as an independent Republic, without opposition, if they shall desire to do so.

WHAT THE DESERTERS PAID FOR GETTING HOME.

Some hundred and twenty men who had served under Walker, and some of whom had deserted while the others had been taken prisoners, have regained their liberty by signing their names to a paper abusing Walker, and calling upon their old comrades to turn traitors likewise.

AN ALBANY DUTCHMAN IN HOLLAND.



THE WESTERKERK (WEST CHURCH), AMSTERDAM.

IT is well for you to know that I am a Dutchman—that I was born in Albany, in a street no matter where, and in an old Dutch house that has now crumbled to dust. That house I can never forget. It had a stoop, on which my bald grandfather used to sit on the sunshiny days, tranquil as the smoke that seemed reluctant to leave his pipe and soar heavenward. It had a door cut horizontally into halves, the lower one affording a fine field for youthful gymnastics and the game of tumbling. The roof was steep, and the gable tapered off, step by step, till it ended in a mighty weathercock—a gay, brilliant weathercock, which had pointed due west ever since I had known it. Over the door, iron letters, scattering about like spiders' legs, marked the year 1703—the year when Hans Van Kleeck, the mighty builder, dumped his first load of bricks on the vacant lot, and said, "I will put up a house."

The inside of that house—how my memory nestles there! The parlor was a deep mystery, only peeped into by stealth, and free to use only twice a year, when the shutters, flung wide open, proclaimed to our young hearts that grandfather was another year old, or that another Christmas had come. But the little snuggery behind, where we all sat daily, and where every body that loved us most came—ah! every object there stands before me now! It was a dark-wainscoted room, with a low ceiling, and really nothing very cheerful about it but the fire that blazed briskly on the hearth, and the merry faces that encircled it. I do not forget yet how I used to sit and watch the broad-faced moon rising and setting over the dial-plate of the old eight-day clock; or how I crawled among the griffin-clawed legs of the nicely-waxed table; or how I bitted the brass handles of a quaintly-carved chest of drawers, and saw them changed, by a sort of transubstantiation peculiar to childhood, into fiery steeds; or how I played soldier with a row of prim high-backed chairs, with wooden seats; or how, devotionally inclined, I unhooked the great clasps of the family Bible, and, turning over the pictures, wondered if Moses really *did* have horns, and if Nebuchadnezzar *did* look so much like a grazing ox. But the sweetest memory of that room is that of my grandmother—dust now for these many years—who used to sit in a great arm-chair in the chimney corner, and, taking me upon her knee, tell me about Joseph and David, Eli and Samuel, and the holy child Jesus, and then bid me seek them all out on the painted tiles that lined the chimney-piece. And then the cookies and *oely-koeks* she gave me, bless me! I thought there never was such another grandmother!

Well, all these passed away. Forty years make sad changes. I am speaking only of *memories* now, fresh and green though they be as the first buds of spring! The *realities* are all fled—those dear old forms—those loved household gods, and curiously-wrought household goods! I went back a stranger, year after year, to look at the old dwelling, and to greet again the weathercock, ever

STREET IN HAARLEM.

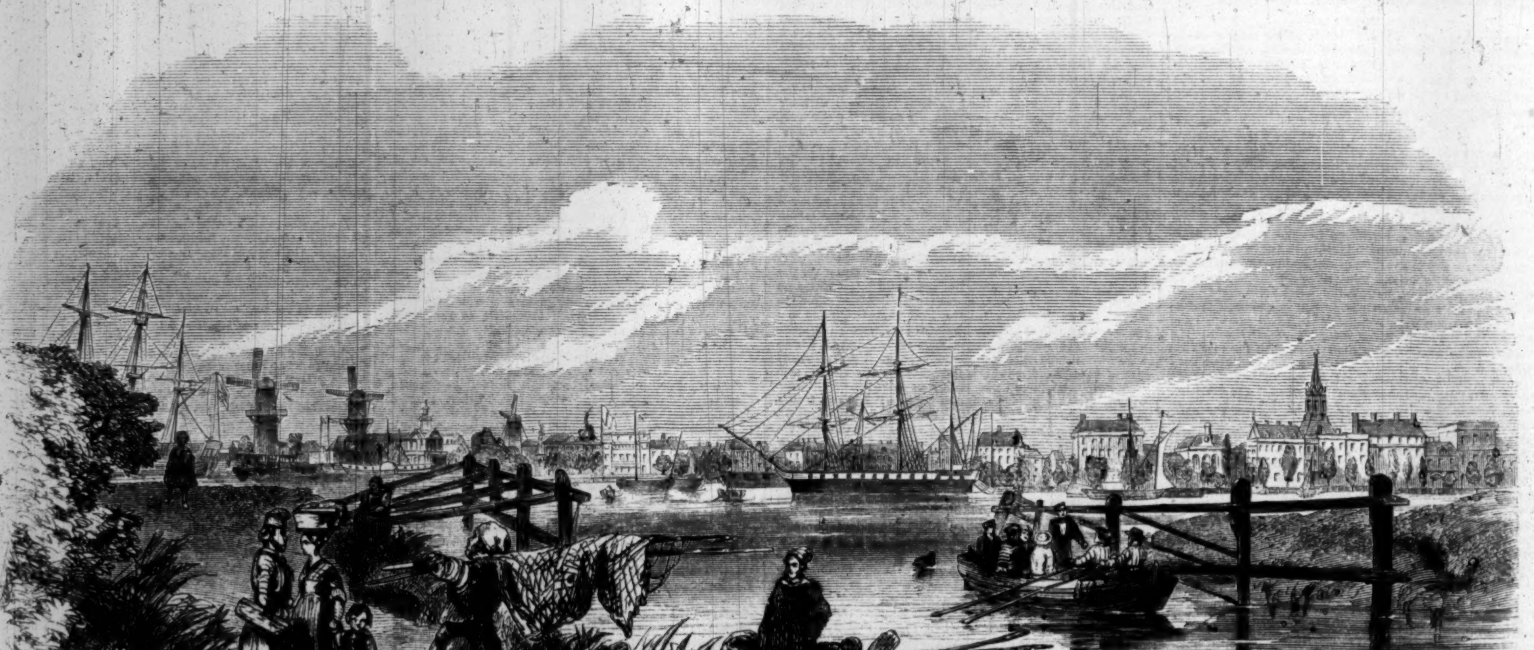
pointing due west; but at last I went back and looked again, but in vain—the house was gone, and Hans Van Kleeck's work was undone.

That was many years ago. Since, I have been a wanderer on the earth; and last spring I went to Holland.

It was a great day for me when first I stood in the streets of Amsterdam. My childhood had dreamed of it as childhood only dreams. It had been the long-resolved purpose of my manhood; and now, in the first years of my decline, I was in Amsterdam! What made me start and pass my hand across my brow as I hurried along the streets? What brought before me faces long since paled in death, and scenes, long since forgotten, that used to cluster around that old house in Albany? What made me sit, cold and shivering, at my window that night, watching the silent sea of gables that rose around me in the gray starlight? What made me close the casement and weep, and wonder if I was really so old, and if they were really *all* dead whom I used to know and love so well? Amsterdam is *so* like the Albany of the olden time. Old Dutch dames in high caps had told me so, but I could not have believed it had I not seen it. Why, the stately Vanderheyden palace, that loomed up so to my child-eyes, was repeated a score of times in Amsterdam; and at every corner I turned I started before my grandfather's house, and saw a mild gentleman, so like him, smoking placidly on the well-remembered stoop. And this is why, in an article professedly on Holland, I have indulged in reminiscences of childhood. They came up and flowed out as soon as I thought of my visit to Amsterdam. I leave the reminiscences for the reality now.

The Dutch of to-day are very much as their fathers were. The men manage yet to grow portly, to look sleek, to wear knee-breeches, and to smoke steadily. The women are very much as Diedrich Knickerbocker describes them in his true *History of New York*. They are all great Conservatives, opposed to all innovations, and very tenacious of time-honored customs. The true Dutchman always builds his house with a steep roof, with the gable end to the street, and with a weathercock. He insists that canals are the very best modes of locomotion, that windmills are picturesque, that no landscape is perfect without dykes, and that Vandevelde and Van Steen are the only painters worth mentioning. He believes in Santa Claus, never lets a New-Year's Day go by without his cookies, or any day without his *oely-koeks* and sour-krout. He stands firm while the world rushes by, and thanks God that he is a Dutchman.

If you go along the Keiser's Gratch and stop hap-hazard at any one of its aristocratic houses, its inmate will, ten to one, tell you the following story of his life: Years ago, he was a cabin-boy on one of the boats that ply along the Amsterdam canals. By dint of honest industry, he accumulated a few guldens and laid them out in the purchase of a boat of his own. He then went and told his loved Gretchen—a fair girl, with blue eyes and flaxen hair—that the long-sought home was found at last. He led her to the church, and then a blushing bride to the boat. The little cabin was their home, kept neat as a pin by the careful housewife—a



THE BOOMPJES (QUAY), ROTTERDAM.

jewel of a home, though narrow and low. The would-be burgher traded about the streets with his boat, or made short excursions into the country, Gretchen all the time sitting by the cabin window knitting and looking hopeful. Years rolled by, and the increasing family suggested more room, while the increasing guldens suggested a new and larger boat. So the new boat was got; the master made longer excursions and more daring speculations; Gretchen rejoiced in a wider cabin and brighter furniture; the children rolled on a more spacious deck in a perfect agony of sport; and so they prospered till the master finally left the boat altogether, hired a warehouse, and became a merchant. He owned canal-boats, and sent them through all Holland to trade for him; and then he owned ships, and sent them to Japan and China; and so he has become a rich burgher of Amsterdam, and lives on the Keiser's Gratch. He sits now on his stoop and smokes at his ease, while Gretchen, in her high cap, a venerable matron, sits at the second story window, and by a skillful adjustment of mirrors, scans closely the passers in the street below. The sons have taken their father's business, and the daughters are proving Gretchen's careful training to the perfect satisfaction of their doting lords. I stake my reputation upon it, that this is a true history of half the rich burghers in Amsterdam.

The canals are *the* great institution of Holland. They are her highways and her by-ways. With them she despises turnpikes, ignores Macadam, and looks askant at railroads. In her estimation, nothing approaches them but windmills, for which she cherishes an almost equal affection. Indeed, Holland goes by wind and water. These are the sources of her wealth and honor among the nations. The rich burgher on the Kejser's Gratch rejoices that he was born on a canal-boat, and rolls in his easy-chair with a more luxurious repose when he remembers how he and Gretchen once sailed over all Holland peddling turnips. The sleek jolly miller comes out of his snug home in the morning, and thinks that no bird soars so majestically as the great flapping sails of his mill.

But by a strange contradiction, what the Dutchman loves most, he has also most reason to dread. It makes a nervous man walk charily through the streets of Amsterdam when he thinks that, if certain sluices and dykes in the neighborhood should give way, he would be suddenly buried beneath the salt waves of the sea; and that, if only a strong wind should spring up from the northwest, this supposition might become a fact. Even in the best of weather our footing in Amsterdam is not very firm. This renowned city is founded upon a bog of soft mud, made up into terra firma by a liberal supply of piles. Sometimes these piles give way, and then comes a catastrophe. It is a well-known and portentous fact in Amsterdam, that a few years ago a great corn warehouse, tired of existence, plunged beneath the mud and disappeared like a diving duck beneath the placid surface of a mill-pond!

I do not think Holland a remarkably handsome place. I would not choose it for my residence above all other lands. I would vastly prefer a land that did not have to be fenced in to keep the sea out, and that would present to me some other object to look at above the horizon than a windmill or a weather-cock. But the Dutch themselves are notoriously fond of Holland, and they have reason to be so. The land they have been compelled to live in has made them what they are. I have been through all lands, but I have seen none where climate and country have so modeled the character of the people as in Holland. The

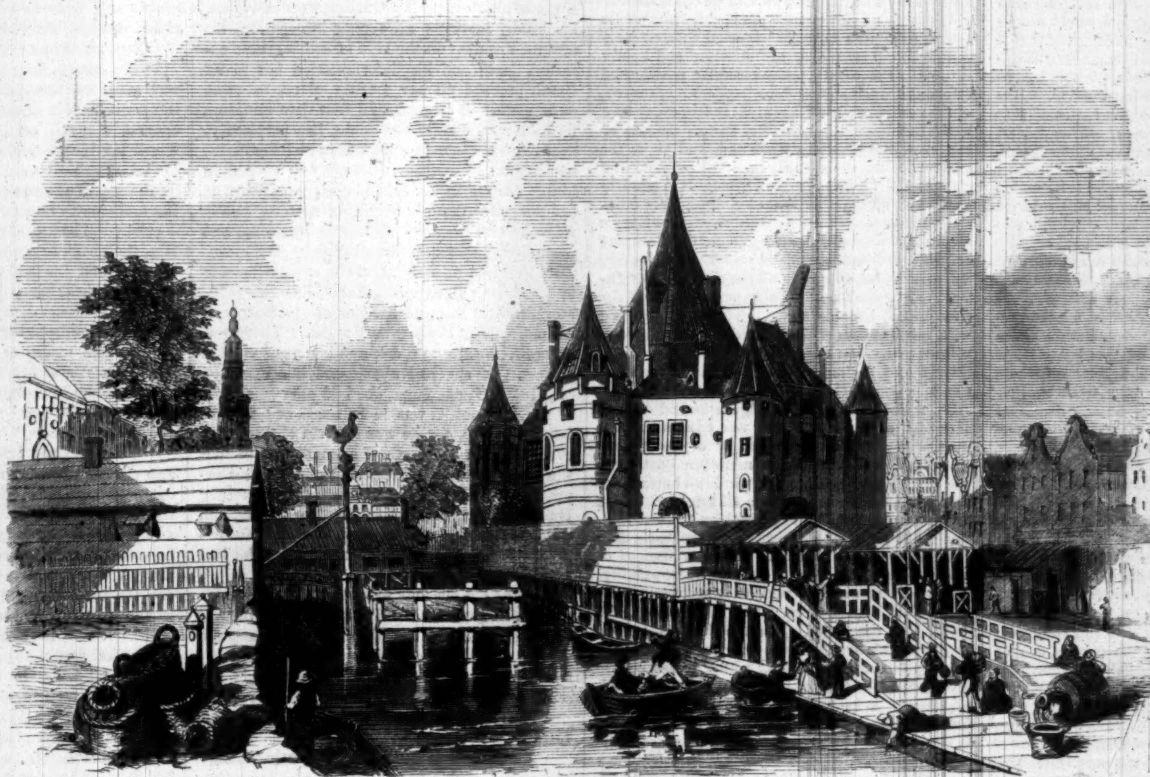
MONTALBAN'S TOWER AND THE OLD BASTION, AMSTERDAM.

necessity of dyking, ditching, and pile-driving has made the Dutchman patient and persevering, slow but sure, hard-working, and willing to wait for results. Labor to bring *his* land to where other nations begin to use *theirs* has laid the foundation of the Dutchman's true character, and I may add, of his country's fame. The Dutchman has no enthusiasm, no ardor, no fancy, no imagination. There are no mountain crags, no deep gorges, no dark jungles flaming with red eyeballs, no perils by flood or field to produce these traits. He is phlegmatic and methodical. He moves slowly like the broad-bottomed boats over his placid canals; and he looks complacently only on stern facts like dykes and windmills. Hence you never hear much said about Dutch poetry; Dutch metaphysics take no daring flights, and Dutch painting, exact to a hair on the portrait of a burgher and delightfully truthful in representing in-door life, is yet peculiarly meagre in ideal subjects and lofty conceptions. I have sometimes seen an ideal subject treated by a Dutch painter, but, instead of being sublime, it has only been grotesque and ludicrous, and reminded me of a dolphin trying to swim upon a board.

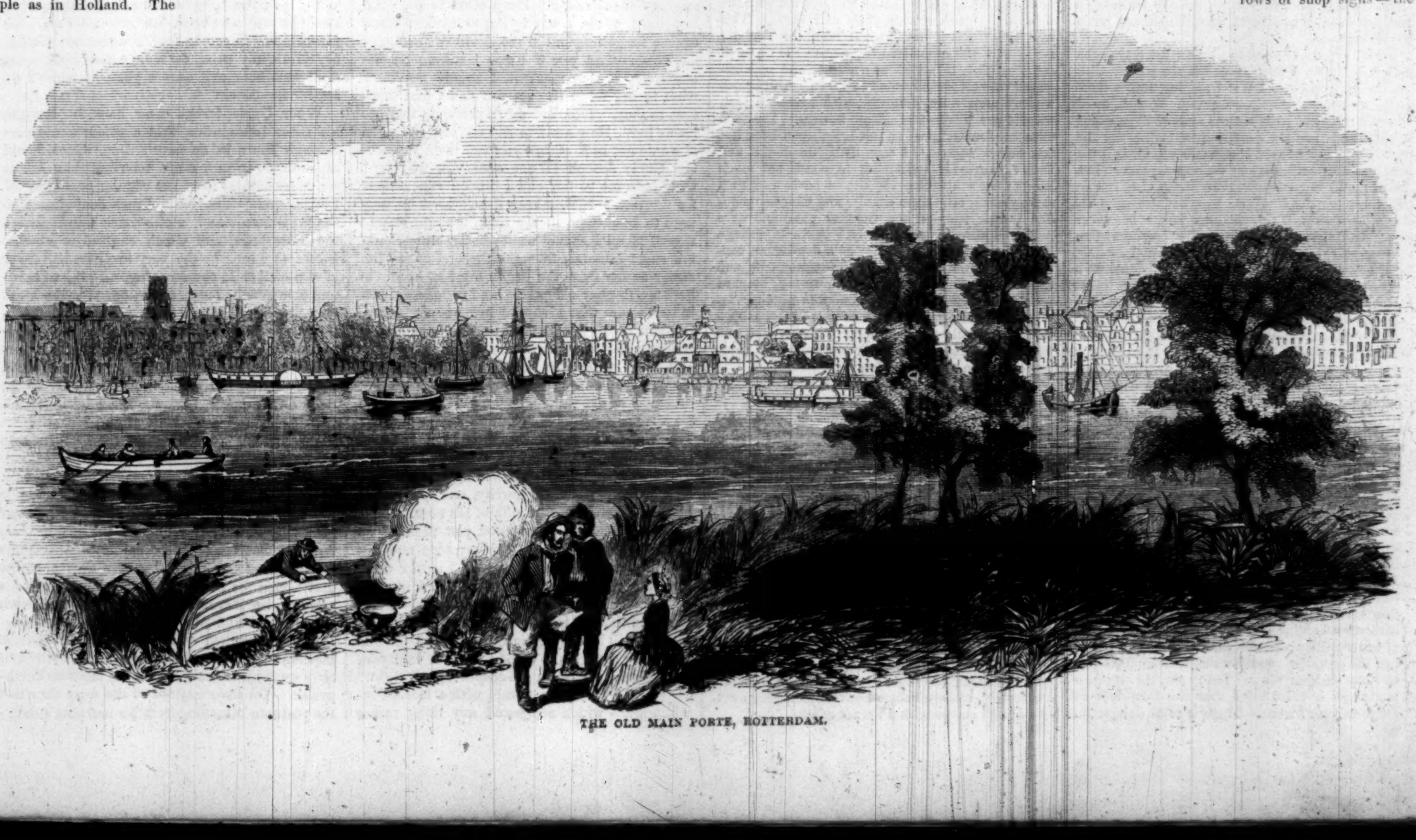
Nature in Holland is dreary. It rains much, and the sun seldom shows an unclouded face. The tow-paths are muddy, and the boggy fields are not carpets of flowers. There are no leafy glades to invite the steps far from home, no mountain-tops to climb, no ravines to explore. Hence the Dutchman lives much in-doors. He finds his pleasures at home by the fireside, with his Gretchen and his children; and so it comes to pass that the homes of Holland are the dearest homes on earth. Nowhere do the words husband and wife, father and mother, brother and sister, mean more than there, and nowhere do the social and domestic virtues take deeper root. A Dutch fireside! it is the Elysium of the affections! Forty long years ago the rafters fell that protected my grandfather's, and yet memory knows no lapse of years as it recalls that dear old spot, and if any germ of kindliness and sympathy has ever budded and blossomed in my after years, surely *there* did its roots grow and wax strong!

Thus we see how the Dutch suit the soil upon which they have sprung up. They partake of its staid, sober, and unromantic character. They love Holland because, by a long process of assimilation, they have become just like Holland. Holland is their Eden, and if ever compelled to leave its windmills and canals, they will seek, and mourn if they do not find, a land just like it. The mountain lands of our country presented no attractions to our Dutch forefathers. They planted New Amsterdam where there were glorious ditching and dyking privileges, and sailed up the whole Hudson, their eyes never twinkling with delight till they rested on the broad bottom-lands of the Mohawk.

A walk through Amsterdam is by no means devoid of diversion. There is an aroma of antiquity about the gables; there is a sprightliness about the weather-cocks; there is a familiar sound to the names over the shop-doors; there are the ever-recurring reminders of other days, that keep a New York Dutchman in a state of continual excitement. As he walks along he may almost fancy himself a Rip Van Winkle, with better luck than Rip had after his long slumber. There are the dear old houses of hard black brick that used to be so familiar to his childish eyes. Portly figures of burghers long since dead to him—too well fed and too ruddy-featured to be ghosts—go by, shoving before their capacious waistcoats and shining shoe-buckles. The continuous rows of shop signs—the



THE FISH-MARKET, AMSTERDAM.



THE OLD MAIN PORTE, ROTTERDAM.

Van Dams and the Van Pelts, the Ten Eycks, the Ten Broeks, and the Vanderpoels—are profaned by no interloping Smith or Brown. Rich stuffs indeed do these Dutch worthies sell, but they are sparing of plate-glass and gilt, and are not ashamed to hang out copper warming-pans and perforated tin foot-stoves, besides more modern luxuries. Many a useful invention of olden times is yet looking upon the light in Amsterdam, that, in this land, has long been consigned to cobwebs and oblivion. It is a blessed resuscitation to eyes wearily peering into the past!

But a Rip Van Winkle might see strange sights even in Amsterdam. The failure of the project to cut up the island of Manhattan into a system of canals makes a novel spectacle of the broad-bottomed schooners moored to the sidewalks. A stroll through a narrow street of dealers in small wares presents a *coup d'œil* altogether new—a mixture of fancy rural costumes and curiously-contrived instruments of rural husbandry and housewifery. The, to us, familiar Indian or Congo negro does not here stand sentinel at the tobacco shops, and generously offer the passers-by a bundle of cigars; but a giant Blue-beard, with mouth distended and eyes in frenzy rolling, spits out fire and wrath. An Amsterdam cart is a novel device for wearing out horse-flesh and nerves. A sledge drawn over the stones by a lean Rosinante—it seems as if returning from the North Pole after a thaw had set in. Every time Rosinante gives a spasmodic jerk, a spirt of water, projected from a keg in front of the runners, relieves the somewhat severe friction. I have never heard that the author of this invention took out a patent.

A transition from Amsterdam to Haarlem is natural and easy. The well-to-do Amsterdamers are not your driving, care-corroded men of business, who live only to change cotton-bales into cash; but they love their ease, and when the summer months come and choke up the streets of Amsterdam with vile odors, they take their flight to their snug cottages in Haarlem. I would not offend the dignity of Haarlem by insinuating that it is a mere suburb of Amsterdam, for has not Haarlem her own cherished customs and occupations with which the Amsterdamers meddle not? Has she not a great organ with a "vox humana" that sends soft melodies floating among all her gables, and that is a wonder even beyond the dykes of Holland? Does she not cultivate acres of hyacinths, and did she not once grow rich on the tulip mania she created, when one bulbous root was sold for "twelve hundred guldens, a new carriage, two gray horses, and a complete set of harness?" Do not her fond mothers yet proclaim it as their own peculiar right to tie a pink or white pincushion to their door-nobs according as their new-born offspring is male or female? Far from me the profanity of knocking the legs from under Haarlem and setting her on the back of Amsterdam; but still, there is a whole section of Haarlem where the Amsterdam burghers, and a few, too, from Rotterdam, take their ease in the summer time. Neat little cottages peep out from climbing vines and thick flower-beds; and mottoes over the doors, in high Dutch, proclaim the supreme satisfaction of the happy tenants with their homes: "Snug and Easy," "Comfort in my House," "A true Paradise," "I rest gloriously"—these, with the help of my grandmother's almost-forgotten instructions, I spelled laboriously out. There was nothing, during all my brief sojourn in Holland, so comforting to look at as these well-feathered nests of the good Amsterdam burghers.

It may seem invidious in this rhapsody over Holland to leave all unsung the famous city of Rotterdam, and the classic, polished Hague; but of the former it is sufficient to say that it is only another Amsterdam, where the natives are more intensely Dutch, and where the gables are steeper and look down upon a more wrinkled, hard-featured old Dane. As for the Hague, the pure Dutch of it has been spoiled by interlopers from foreign Courts, bringing new-fangled notions, and French furbelows. The good lady sits in queenly majesty, I know, but she is not Dutch enough to have a place in this memoir.

I wish somebody would tell me what makes the Dutch so *clean*. I have looked at the matter with all the philosophy of an owl peering into a dark subject, but without enlightenment. Was it a tenet of their religion in the remote ages of Paganism? Was it once made a condition of loyalty by the thrifty wife of some old Dutch King? Or is it the result of some reformatory movement undertaken by neat old dames in fabulous times of which no tradition remains? But, however, we may attempt to account for it, the phenomenon is a sober fact. Holland is always in the suds. Admiral Van Tromp was guided by a strong national instinct when he swept through the English Channel with a *broom* nailed to the mast-head of his ship. The boundary of Holland is as clearly marked by the line where cleanliness ends and filth begins as it could be by any topographical survey. This phenomenon is strange in itself, but still stranger from the fact that Holland is a single oasis in a great desert of unwashed nationalities. We have never heard that Belgium, or Germany, or Denmark were particularly fond of soap and water. But Holland is. This is vastly proper, but sometimes quite as inconvenient to one bound on a voyage of discovery among the Dutch. A complacent smile lights up the features that are lifted toward the shining window-panes, and the clean brick front of an Amsterdam mansion; but a walk through the streets on a Saturday morning is quite as perilous as a cruise in the *Maid of the Mist*, under the great fall at Niagara. There is the same need of oil-cloth and India rubber. In accordance with a time-honored custom, that morning is devoted to the weekly outdoor scrubbing up. A stroll along the sidewalk involves a continual charge through serried ranks of water-pails, soap-tubs, and mops. You have to run the gauntlet of uncounted hand-engines plied by lusty maid-servants. Ten to one, the charge intended for a soiled brick over the front-door will lodge in your bosom. There is some danger that you may lose your way in the fog created by such a free application of boiling suds to the door-steps and sidewalks; and your apprehensions are at once excited lest the zealous Kathrine, who is leaning out of the third-story window sweeping down spiders, may lose her balance and light upon your shoulders—a dead weight. If you wish to run all these risks, go out on a Saturday morning—a thing which a prudent Dutchman never does. You will, perhaps, find a compensation in the cheery aspect of affairs after dinner!

There is a little village about four miles from Amsterdam where the ruling passion of the Dutch is indulged without let or hindrance. Who has not heard of Broek, so justly celebrated by the classic pen of the genial Irving? Any talk about Holland without a glance at this cozy paradise of all true-hearted Dutchmen would be quite unpardonable. As well think of going to Egypt without seeing the pyramids as to Holland without seeing Broek. It is the very kernel of all Dutch peculiarities, the heart and home of all that the Dutchman loves most to contemplate. As I hope always to love sour-krout and be true to my Dutch nature, so will I not leave Broek out of this sober writing.

It was a beautiful, sunshiny afternoon when I took a carriage and drove out thither. My course was along a graceful meandering tow-path, and the bright green meadows were picturesquely dotted with cattle clothed in white cotton garments, and with sheep carrying their tails in wicker baskets. Arrived at the outskirts of the village, I left my carriage at the inn, carefully brushed my clothes, and smoothing down my tangled gray locks prepare to enter the sanctuary of Dutch neatness. The wise foresight of the founders of this paradise had anticipated the inconvenience resulting from the rumbling of carriage-wheels over their streets, and built them so narrow as to admit only pedestrians. Thus the raising of a dust became difficult, if not impossible, and the white-wash on their ceilings was allowed to be unmolested by violent concussions.

Warned as I turned into the street, by a public notice, that pipes were not admitted without stoppers, I threw mine over my shoulder and boldly entered. I found the paths carefully paved with bricks and small stones, done into Mosaic patterns, of the earliest style of that art. Before every door was a baby-garden—patches of flowers the size of pancakes, lying amidst what appeared to be the folds of an anaconda, made up of white sand and clam-shells. A picket-fence surrounded this patchwork, and all together formed a very pretty ornamental front to the houses behind them. The houses themselves were small and toyish, for the most part brilliantly white or green. Some of them, however, more ambitious, gloried in all the colors of the rainbow, and seemed to be an unhappy mixture of the Grecian and Chinese styles. The roofs glittered with polished tiles of different hues, and truth compels me to say that the gables were not very steep. Silence and solemnity pervaded the streets, reminding one of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Only occasionally a rotund figure moved deliberately by, or a roguish eye was caught peeping around the corner of a house, or a young navigator was seen propelling a miniature boat along the canal with a stick. The window-shutters and front doors of the houses were all firmly closed—a singular phenomenon, explained by the fact that, under all ordinary circumstances, the back door alone affords any allowable means of ingress or egress. Only once a week does the housewife herself enjoy the rare privilege of transgressing this rule, when, armed with broom and duster, she glides into the parlor, opens the shutters, sweeps the carpet, blacks the stove, arranges the crockery, and "puts things to rights," which, in no possible circumstances, could have gone wrong under lock and bolt. A marriage or a funeral are the only two occasions on which the parlor of a Broek house is ever profaned by any other feet than those of the high-priestess of its dark mysteries herself.

As a showman reserves his greatest wonder till the last, so it was not till I reached the farthest end of the village that I was regaled with the sight of its concentrated pride and boast. This was the garden of the Patroon Mynheer Van der Beck, with the appurtenances thereof. It was still more babyish in all its adornments and appointments than all the gardens I had seen. A ferocious wooden man at the gateway, with a wooden gun, warned me against plucking flowers. I passed over wooden bridges five feet long, upon islands a few inches square. I saw little tin ducks and Feejee mermaids swimming in ponds not much larger than wash-tubs. Miniature boats were seen sailing along miniature canals, and Chinese pagodas, Gothic temples, and summer pavilions were scattered about promiscuously. A Swiss cottage in one corner, about the size of a dog-house, contained an automaton man, his automaton wife, and their automaton dog. A hidden spring, touched by a female attendant, set the man to puffing vigorously at his pipe, the woman to spinning with a diligence hardly to be expected from her age, and the dog to barking fiercely at my heels as I made my exit from the garden forever.

The dwellers in Broek, like all other good Christians, must have *milk*; but to profane their paradise with cows and stables was not to be thought of. So a community-stable has been erected just outside, near the inn where my carriage was allowed to stop. Here the cows live like princesses, and strangers always go to see them. Their apartment is kept scrupulously neat by the constant application of the omnipotent broom. Their tails are not festooned with blue ribbons, as some have erroneously reported; but, being fastened by a cord to a hook in the roof, by a skillful arrangement of pulleys they can all be hoisted at once out of the dirt. The attendant showed me how it was done, and I must say the machine worked admirably. The mangers are ornamented with coarse landscape paintings, thus cheating the winter of its severity, and indulging the bovines in a pleasing delusion. On the whole, life in such a stable is not at all disagreeable, and ever since I have seen it I have eaten Dutch cheese with a keener relish.

The interior life of the inhabitants of Broek is a profound mystery. They live quietly, and regard neatness as the sum of human happiness. It is even asserted that their highest idea of heaven is of a place where their ruling passion can be indulged *ad libitum*; but this I doubt much. I believe them to be good orthodox Christians, disturbing no man, honoring the King, and serving God. "Live and let live" is their motto, and it is mine, too. I would not disturb a feather in their dusters, or violate by a stealthy glance the sanctity of one of their parlors. Long may they live to make Dutch cheeses, and to cultivate housewifery to the full extent of their desires!

When and how I left Holland I need not say. My visit was a carnival-season in my rugged, tempestuous life. I love my fatherland the more for that visit. It awakened sweet memories that had begun to fade away. It prepared new memories for yet later years, if God shall spare me to enjoy them. It showed me Dutch firesides as I have dreamed and prayed that my own might be; and though there was a comic side to much of my experience, it was an experience that made me glory in being a Dutchman, and that leads me to look back with a lingering fondness to my travels in Holland as the sunny season of my waving life.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

THE next morning wrought no change in the resolution at which Uncle Joseph had arrived over night. Out of the amazement and confusion produced in his mind by his niece's avowal of the object that had brought her to Cornwall, he had contrived to extract one clear and definite conclusion—that she was obstinately bent on placing herself in a situation of uncertainty, if not of absolute peril. Once persuaded of this, his kindly instincts all sprang into action; his natural firmness on the side of self-sacrifice asserted itself, and his determination not to let Sarah proceed on her journey alone, followed as a matter of course. In that determination he took refuge from the doubt, the perplexity, the vague uneasiness and alarm which her looks, her language, and her conduct had caused in him. Strong in the self-denying generosity of his purpose—though strong in nothing else—when he and his niece met in the morning, and when Sarah spoke self-reproachfully of the sacrifice that he was making, of the serious hazards to which he was exposing himself for her sake, he refused to listen to her just as obstinately as he had refused the previous night. There was no need, he said, to speak another word on that subject. If she had abandoned her intention of going to Porthgenna, she had only to say so. If she had not, it was mere waste of breath to talk any more, for he was deaf in both ears to every thing in the shape of a remonstrance that she could possibly address to him. Having expressed himself in these uncompromising terms, Uncle Joseph abruptly dismissed the subject, and tried to turn the conversation to a cheerful everyday topic, by asking his niece how she had passed the night.

"I was too anxious to sleep," she answered. "I can't fight with my fears and misgivings as some people can. All night long they keep me waking and thinking as if it was day."

"Thinking about what?" asked Uncle Joseph. "About the letter that is hidden? about the house of Porthgenna? about the Myrtle Room?"

"About how to get into the Myrtle Room," she said. "The more I try to plan and ponder, and settle beforehand what I shall do, the more confused and helpless I seem to be. All last night, uncle, I was trying to think of some excuse for getting inside the doors at Porthgenna Tower—and yet, if I was standing on the house-step at this moment, I should not know what to say when the servant and I first came face to face. How are we to persuade them to let us in? How am I to slip out of sight, even if we do get in? Can't you tell me? you will try, Uncle Joseph—I am sure you will try? Only help me so far, and I think I can answer for the rest. If they keep the keys where they used to keep them in my time, ten minutes to myself is all I should want—ten minutes, only ten short minutes, to make the end of my life easier to me than the beginning has been; to help me to grow old quietly and resignedly, if it is God's will that I should live out my years. Oh, how happy people must be who have all the courage they want; who are quick and clever, and have their wits about them! You are readier than I am, uncle; you said last night that you would think about how to advise me for the best—what did your thoughts end in? You will make me so much easier if you will only tell me that."

Uncle Joseph nodded assentingly, assumed a look of the profoundest gravity, and slowly laid his forefinger along the side of his nose.

"What did I promise you last night?" he said. "Was it not to take my pipe and ask him to make me think? Good. I smoke three pipes and think three thoughts. My first thought is—Wait! My second thought is again—Wait! My third thought is yet once more—Wait! You say you will be easy, Sarah, if I tell you the end of all my thoughts. Good. I have told you. There is the end—you are easy—it is all right."

"Wait?" repeated Sarah, with a look of bewilderment which suggested any thing rather than a mind at ease. "I am afraid, uncle, I don't quite understand. Wait for what? Wait till when?"

"Wait till we arrive at the house, to be sure! Wait till we are got outside the door; then is time enough to think how we are to get in," said Uncle Joseph, with an air of conviction. "You understand now?"

"Yes—at least I understand better than I did. But there is still another difficulty left. Uncle! I must tell you more than I intended ever to tell any body—I must tell you that the letter is locked up."

"Locked up in a room?"

"Worse than that—locked up in something inside the room. The key that opens the door—even if I get it—the key that opens the door of the room is not all I want. There is another key besides that, a little key—" She stopped, with a confused, startled look.

"A little key that you have lost?" asked Uncle Joseph.

"I threw it down the well in the village, on the morning when I made my escape from Porthgenna. Oh, if I had only kept it about me! If it had only crossed my mind that I might want it again!"

"Well, well; there is no help for that now. Tell me, Sarah, what the something is which the letter is hidden in."

"I am afraid of the very walls hearing me."

"What nonsense! Come! whisper it to me."

She looked all round her distrustfully, and then whispered into the old man's ear. He listened eagerly, and laughed when she was silent again. "Bah!" he cried. "If that is all, make yourself happy. As you wicked English people say, it is as easy as lying. Why, my child, you can burst him open for yourself!"

"Burst it open? How?"

Uncle Joseph went to the window-seat, which was made on the old-fashioned plan, to serve the purpose of a chest as well as a seat. He opened the lid, searched among some tools which lay in the receptacle beneath, and took out a chisel. "See," he said, demonstrating on the top of the window-seat the use to which the tool was to be put. "You push him in so—crick! Then you pull him up so—crack! It is the business of one little moment—crick! crack!—and the lock is done for. Take the chisel yourself, wrap him up in a bit of that stout paper there, and put him in your pocket. What are you waiting for? Do you want me to show you again, or do you think you can do it now for yourself?"

"I should like you to show me again, Uncle Joseph, but not now—not till we have got to the end of our journey."

"Good. Then I may finish my packing-up, and go ask about the coach. First and foremost, Mozart must put on his great coat, and travel with us." He took up the musical box, and placed it carefully in a leather case, which he slung by a strap over one shoulder. "Next, there is my pipe, the tobacco to feed him with, and the matches to set him alight. Last, here is my old German knapsack, which I pack last night. See! here is shirt, nightcap, comb, pocket handkerchief, sock. Say I am an emperor, and what do I want more than that? Good. I have Mozart, I have the pipe, I have the knapsack, I have—stop! stop! there is the old leather purse; he must not be forgotten. Look! here he is. Listen! Ting, ting, ting! He jingles; he has, in his inside, money. Aha, my friend, my good Leather, you shall be lighter and leaner before you come home again. So, so—it is all complete; we are ready for the march now, from our tops to our toes. Good-by, Sarah, my child, for a little half hour; you shall wait here and amuse yourself while I go ask for the coach."

When Uncle Joseph came back, he brought his niece information that a coach would pass through Truro in an hour's time, which would set them down at a stage not more than five or six miles distant from the regular post-town of Porthgenna. The only direct conveyance to the post-town was a night-coach which carried the letter-bags, and which stopped to change horses at Truro at the very inconvenient hour of two o'clock in the morning. Being of opinion that to travel at bedtime was to make a toil of a pleasure, Uncle Joseph recommended taking places in the day-coach, and hiring any conveyance that could be afterward obtained to carry his niece and himself on to the post-town. By this arrangement they would not only secure their own comfort, but gain the additional advantage of losing as little time as possible at Truro before proceeding on their journey to Porthgenna.

The plan thus proposed was the plan followed. When the coach stopped to change horses, Uncle Joseph and his niece were waiting to take their places by it. They found all the inside seats but one disengaged, were set down, two hours afterward, at the stage that was nearest to the destination for which they were bound, hired a pony-chaise there, and reached the post-town between one and two o'clock in the afternoon.

Dismissing their conveyance at the inn, from motives of caution which were urged by Sarah, they set forth to walk across the moor to Porthgenna. On their way out of the town they met the postman returning from his morning's deliv-

ery of letters in the surrounding district. His bag had been much heavier, and his walk much longer, that morning than usual. Among the extra letters that had taken him out of his ordinary course, was one addressed to the housekeeper at Porthgenna Tower, which he had delivered early in the morning, when he first started on his rounds.

Throughout the whole journey Uncle Joseph had not made a single reference to the object for which it had been undertaken. Possessing a child's simplicity of nature, he was also endowed with a child's elasticity of disposition. The doubts and forebodings which troubled his niece's spirit, and kept her silent and thoughtful and sad, cast no darkening shadow over the natural sunshine of his mind. If he had really been traveling for pleasure alone, he could not have enjoyed more thoroughly than he did the different sights and events of the journey. All the happiness which the passing minute had to give him, he took as readily and gratefully as if there was no uncertainty in the future, no doubt, difficulty, or danger lying in wait for him at the journey's end. Before he had been half an hour in the coach, he had begun to tell the third inside passenger—a rigid old lady, who stared at him in speechless amazement—the whole history of the musical box, ending the narrative by setting it playing, in defiance of all the noise that the rolling wheels could make. When they left the coach, he was just as sociable afterward with the driver of the chaise, vaunting the superiority of German beer over Cornish cider, and making his remarks upon the objects which they passed on the road with the pleasantest familiarity, and the heartiest enjoyment of his own jokes. It was not till he and Sarah were well out of the little town, and away by themselves on the great moor which stretched beyond it, that his manner altered and his talk ceased altogether. After walking on in silence for some little time, with his niece's arm in his, he suddenly stopped, looked her earnestly and kindly in the face, and laid his hand on hers.

"There is yet one thing more I want to ask you, my child," he said. "The journey has put it out of my head, but it has been in my heart all the time. When we leave this place of Porthgenna, and get back to my house, you will not go away? you will not leave Uncle Joseph again? Are you in service still, Sarah? Are you not your own master yet?"

"I was in service a few days since," she answered. "But I am free now. I have lost my place."

"Aha! You have lost your place; and why?"

"Because I would not hear an innocent person unjustly blamed. Because—"

She checked herself. But the few words she had said were spoken with such a suddenly heightened color, and with such an extraordinary emphasis and resolution of tone, that the old man opened his eyes as widely as possible, and looked at his niece in undisguised astonishment.

"So! so! so!" he exclaimed. "What! You have had a quarrel, Sarah?"

"Hush! Don't ask me any more questions now!" she pleaded, earnestly. "I am too anxious and too frightened to answer. Uncle! this is Porthgenna Moor—this is the road I passed over, sixteen years ago, when I ran away to you. Oh, let us get on! Pray let us get on! I can't think of any thing now but the house we are so near, and the risk we are going to run."

They went on quickly, in silence. Half an hour's rapid walking brought them to the highest elevation on the moor, and gave the whole western prospect grandly to their view.

There, below them, was the dark, lonesome, spacious structure of Porthgenna Tower, with the sunlight already stealing round toward the windows of the west front! There was the path winding away to it gracefully over the brown moor, in curves of dazzling white! There, lower down, was the solitary old church, with the peaceful burial-ground nestling by its side. There, lower still, were the little scattered roofs of the fishermen's cottages! And there, beyond all, was the changeless glory of the sea, with its old seething lines of white foam, with the old winding margin of its yellow shores! Sixteen long years—such years of sorrow, such years of suffering, such years of change, counted by the pulses of the living heart—had passed over the dead tranquillity of Porthgenna, and had altered it as little as if they had all been contained within the lapse of a single day!

The moments when the spirit within us is most deeply stirred, are almost invariably the moments also when its outward manifestations are hardest to detect. Our own thoughts rise above us; our own feelings lie deeper than we can reach. How seldom words can help us when their help is most wanted! How often our tears are dried up when we most long for them to relieve us! Was there ever a strong emotion in this world that could adequately express its own strength? What third person brought face to face with the old man and his niece, as they now stood together on the moor, would have suspected, to look at them, that the one was contemplating the landscape with nothing more than a stranger's curiosity, and that the other was viewing it through the recollections of half a lifetime? The eyes of both were dry, the tongues of both were silent, the faces of both were set with equal attention toward the prospect. Even between themselves there was no real sympathy, no intelligible appeal from one spirit to the other. The old man's quiet admiration of the view was not more briefly and readily expressed, when they moved forward and spoke to each other, than the customary phrases of assent by which his niece replied to the little that he said. How many moments there are in this mortal life when, with all our boasted powers of speech, the words of our vocabulary treacherously fade out, and the page presents nothing to us but the sight of a perfect blank!

Slowly descending the slope of the moor, the uncle and niece drew nearer and nearer to Porthgenna Tower. They were within a quarter of an hour's walk of the house, when Sarah stopped at a place where a second path intersected the main foot-track which they had hitherto been following. On the left hand, as they now stood, the cross-path ran on until it was lost to the eye in the expanse of the moor. On the right hand, it led straight to the church.

"What do we stop for now?" asked Uncle Joseph, looking first in one direction and then in the other.

"Would you mind waiting for me here a little while, uncle? I can't pass the church-path—" she paused, in some trouble how to express herself—"without wishing (as I don't know what may happen after we get to the house), without wishing to see—to look at something—" she stopped again, and turned her face wistfully toward the church. The tears, which had never wetted her eyes at the first view of Porthgenna, were beginning to rise in them now.

Uncle Joseph's natural delicacy warned him that it would be best to abstain from asking her for any explanations. "Go you where you like, to see what you like," he said, patting her on the shoulder. "I shall stop here to make myself happy with my pipe; and Mozart shall come out of his cage, and sing a little in this fine fresh air." He unslung the leather case from his shoulder while he spoke, took out the musical box, and set it ringing its tiny peal to the second of the two airs which it was constructed to play—the minuet in Don Giovanni. Sarah left him looking about carefully, not for a seat for himself, but for a smooth bit of rock to place the box upon. When he had found this, he lit his pipe, and sat down to his music and his smoking, like an epicure to a good dinner. "Aha!" he exclaimed to himself, looking round as composedly at the wild prospect on all sides of him as if he was still in his own little parlor at Truro. "Aha! here is a fine big music-room, my friend Mozart, for you to sing in! Ouf! there is wind enough in this place to blow your pretty dance-tune out to sea, and give the sailor-people a taste of it as they roll about in their ships."

Meanwhile, Sarah walked on rapidly toward the church, and entered the inclosure of the little burial-ground. Toward that same part of it to which she had directed her steps on the morning of her mistress's death, she now turned her face again, after a lapse of sixteen years. Here, at least, the march of time had left its palpable track—its footprints whose marks were graves. How many a little spot of ground, empty when she last saw it, had its mound and its headstone now! The one grave that she had come to see—the grave which had stood apart in the by-gone days, had companion-graves on the right hand and on the left. She could not have singled it out, but for the weather-stains on the headstone, which told of storm and rain passing over it, that had not passed over the rest. The mound was still kept in shape; but the grass grew long, and waved dreary welcome to her, as the wind swept through it. She knelt down by the stone, and tried to read the inscription. The black paint which had once made the carved words distinct, was all flayed off from them now. To any other eyes but hers, the very name of the dead man would have been hard to trace. She sighed heavily, as she followed the letters of the inscription mechanically, one by one, with her finger:

> SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
> HUGH POLWHEAL,
> AGED 26 YEARS.
> HE MET WITH HIS DEATH
> THROUGH THE FALL OF A ROCK
> IN
> PORTHGENNA MINE,
> DECEMBER 17TH, 1823.

Her hand lingered over the letters after it had followed them to the last line, and she bent forward and pressed her lips on the stone.

"Better so!" she said to herself, as she rose from her knees, and looked down at the inscription for the last time. "Better it should fade out so! Fewer strangers' eyes will see it; fewer strangers' feet will follow where mine have been—he will lie all the quieter in the place of his rest!"

She brushed the tears from her eyes, and gathered a few blades of grass from the grave—then left the church-yard. Outside the hedge that surrounded the inclosure she stopped for a moment, and drew from the bosom of her dress the little book of Wesley's Hymns which she had taken with her from the desk in her bedroom on the morning of her flight from Porthgenna. The withered remains of the grass that she had plucked from the grave sixteen years ago, lay between the pages still. She added to them the fresh fragments that she had just gathered, replaced the book in the bosom of her dress, and hastened back over the moor to the spot where the old man was waiting for her.

She found him packing up the musical box again in its leather case. "A good wind," he said, holding up the palm of his hand to the fresh breeze that was sweeping over the moor. "A very good wind, indeed, if you take him by himself—but a bitter bad wind if you take him with Mozart. He blows off the tune as if it was the hat on my head. You come back, my child, just at the nick of time—just when my pipe is done, and Mozart is ready to travel along the road once more. Ah, have you got the crying look in your eyes again, Sarah! What have you met with to make you cry? So! so! I see—the fewer questions I ask just now, the better you will like me. Good. I have done. No! I have a last question yet. What are we standing here for? why do we not go on?"

"Yes, yes—you are right, Uncle Joseph—let us go on at once. I shall lose all the little courage I have if we stay here much longer looking at the house."

They proceeded down the path without another moment of delay. When they had reached the end of it, they stood opposite the eastern boundary wall of Porthgenna Tower. The principal entrance to the house, which had been very rarely used of late years, was in the west front and was approached by a terrace-road that overlooked the sea. The smaller entrance, which was generally used, was situated on the south side of the building, and led through the servants' offices to the great hall and the west staircase. Sarah's old experience of Porthgenna guided her instinctively toward this part of the house. She led her companion on until they gained the southern angle of the east wall—then stopped and looked about her. Since they had passed the postman, and had entered on the moor, they had not set eyes on a living creature; and still, though they were now under the very walls of Porthgenna, neither man, woman, nor child—not even a domestic animal—appeared in view.

"It is very lonely here," said Sarah, looking round her distrustfully. "Much lonelier than it used to be."

"Is it only to tell me what I can see for myself, that you are stopping now?" asked Uncle Joseph, whose inveterate cheerfulness would have been proof against the solitude of Sahara itself.

"No, no!" she answered in a quick, anxious whisper. "But the bell we must ring at is so close—only round there—I should like to know what we are to say when we come face to face with the servant. You told me it was time enough to think about that when we were at the door. Uncle! we are all but at the door now. What shall we do?"

"The first thing to do," said Uncle Joseph, shrugging his shoulders, "is surely to ring."

"Yes—but when the servant comes, what are we to say?"

"Say?" repeated Uncle Joseph, knitting his eyebrows quite fiercely with the effort of thinking, and rapping his forehead with his forefinger, just under his hat. "Say? Stop, stop, stop, stop. Ah! I have got it! I know! Make yourself quite easy, Sarah. The moment the door is opened, all the speaking to the servant shall be done by me."

"Oh, how you relieve me! What shall you say?"

"Say? This—'How do you do? We have come to see the house.'"

When he had disclosed that remarkable expedient for effecting an entrance into Porthgenna Tower, he spread out both his hands interrogatively, drew back several paces from his niece, and looked at her with the serenely self-satisfied air of a man who has leapt at one mental bound, from a doubt to a discovery.

Sarah gazed at him in astonishment. The expression of absolute conviction on his face staggered her. The poorest of all the poor excuses for gaining admission into the house which she herself had thought of, and had rejected, during the previous night, seemed like the very perfection of artifice by comparison with such a childishly simple expedient as that suggested by Uncle Joseph. And yet there he stood, apparently quite convinced that he had hit on the means of smoothing away all obstacles at once. Not knowing what to say, not believing sufficiently in the validity of her own doubts to venture on openly expressing an opinion either one way or the other, she took the last refuge that was now left open to her—she endeavored to gain time.

"It is very, very good of you, uncle, to take all the difficulty of speaking to the servant on your own shoulders," she said; the hidden despondency at her heart expressing itself in spite of her, in the faintness of her voice, and the forlorn perplexity of her eyes. "But would you mind waiting a little before we ring at the door, and walking up and down for a few minutes by the side of this wall, where nobody is likely to see us? I want to get a little more time to prepare myself for the trial that I have to go through; and—and in case the servant makes any difficulties about letting us in—I mean difficulties that we can not just now anticipate—would it not be as well to think of something else to say at the door? Perhaps, if you were to consider again—"

"There is not the least need," interposed Uncle Joseph. "I have only to speak to the servant and—crick! crack!—you will see that we shall get in. But I will walk up and down as long as you please. There is no reason, because I have done all my thinking in one moment, that you should have done all your thinking in one moment, too. No, no, no—no reason at all." Saying those words with a patronizing air, and a self-satisfied smile, which would have been irresistibly comical under any less critical circumstances, the old man again offered his arm to his niece, and led her back over the broken ground that lay under the eastern wall of Porthgenna Tower.

While Sarah was waiting in doubt outside the walls, it happened, by a curious coincidence, that another person, vested with the highest domestic authority, was also waiting in doubt inside the walls. This person was no other than the housekeeper of Porthgenna Tower; and the cause of her perplexity was nothing less than the letter which had been delivered by the postman that very morning.

It was a letter from Mrs. Frankland, which had been written after she had held a long conversation with her husband and Mr. Orridge, on receiving the last fragments of information which the Doctor was able to communicate in reference to Mrs. Jazeph.

The housekeeper had read the letter through over and over again, and was more puzzled and astonished by it at every fresh reading. She was now waiting for the return of the steward, Mr. Munder, from his occupations out of doors, with the intention of taking his opinion on the singular communication which she had received from her mistress.

While Sarah and her uncle were still walking up and down outside the eastern wall, Mr. Munder entered the housekeeper's room. He was one of those tall, grave, benevolent-looking men, with a conical head, a deep voice, a slow step, and a heavy manner, who passively contrive, by some inscrutable process, to get a great reputation for wisdom without the trouble of saying or doing any thing to deserve it. All round the Porthgenna neighborhood the steward was popularly spoken of as a remarkably sound, sensible man; and the housekeeper, although a sharp woman in other matters, in this one respect shared to a large extent in the general delusion.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Pentreath," said Mr. Munder. "Any news to-day?" What a weight and importance his deep voice and his impressively slow method of using it, gave to those two insignificant sentences!

"News, Mr. Munder, that will astonish you," replied the housekeeper. "I have received a letter this morning from Mrs. Frankland, which is, without any exception, the most mystifying thing of the sort I ever met with. I am told to communicate the letter to you; and I have been waiting the whole morning to hear your opinion of it. Pray sit down, and give me all your attention—for I do positively assure you that the letter requires it."

Mr. Munder sat down, and became the picture of attention immediately—not of ordinary attention, which can be wearied, but of judicial attention, which knows no fatigue, and is superior alike to the power of dullness and the power of time. The housekeeper, without wasting the precious minutes—Mr. Munder's minutes, which ranked next on the scale of importance to a prime minister's!—opened her mistress's letter, and, resisting the natural temptation to make a few more prefatory remarks on it, immediately favored the steward with the first paragraph, in the following terms:

> MRS. PENTREATH,—You must be tired of receiving letters from me, fixing a day for the arrival of my husband and myself. On this, the third occasion of my writing to you about our plans, it will be best, I think, to make no third appointment, but merely to say that we shall leave West Winston for Porthgenna the moment I can get the Doctor's permission to travel.

"So far," remarked Mrs. Pentreath, placing the letter on her lap, and smoothing it out rather irritably while she spoke—"so far, there is nothing of much consequence. The letter certainly seems to me (between ourselves) to be written in rather poor language—too much like common talking to come up to my idea of what a lady's style of composition ought to be—but that is a matter of opinion. I can't say, and I should be the last person to wish to say, that the beginning of Mrs. Frankland's letter is not, upon the whole, perfectly clear. It is the middle and the end that I wish to consult you about, Mr. Munder."

"Just so," said Mr. Munder. Only two words, but what volumes of meaning in them! The housekeeper cleared her throat with extraordinary loudness and elaboration, and read on thus:

> My principal object in writing these lines is to request, by Mr. Frankland's desire, that you and Mr. Munder will endeavor to ascertain, as privately as possible, whether a person now traveling in Cornwall—in whom we happen to be much interested—has been yet seen in the neighborhood of Porthgenna. The person in question is known to us by the name of Mrs. Jazeph. She is an elderly woman, of quiet, lady-like manners, looking nervous and in delicate health. She dresses, according to our experience of her, with extreme propriety and neatness, and in dark colors. Her eyes have a singular expression of timidity, her voice is particularly soft and

low, and her manner is frequently marked by extreme hesitation. I am thus particular in describing her, in case she should not be traveling under the name by which we know her.

For reasons, which it is not necessary to state, both my husband and myself think it probable that, at some former period of her life, Mrs. Jazeph may have been connected with the Porthgenna neighborhood. Whether this be the fact or no, it is indisputably certain that she is familiar with the interior of Porthgenna Tower, and that she has an interest of some kind, quite incomprehensible to us, in the house. Coupling these facts with the knowledge we have of her being now in Cornwall, we think it just within the range of probability, that you, or Mr. Munder, or some other person in our employment, may meet with her; and we are particularly anxious, if she should by any chance ask to see the house, not only that you should show her over it with perfect readiness and civility, but also that you should take private and particular notice of her conduct from the time when she enters the building to the time when she leaves it. Do not let her out of your sight for a moment; and, if possible, pray get some trustworthy person to follow her unperceived, and ascertain where she goes to, after she has quitted the house. It is of the most vital importance that these instructions (strange as they may seem to you) should be implicitly obeyed to the very letter.

I have only room and time to add, that we know nothing to the discredit of this person, and that we particularly desire you will manage matters with sufficient discretion (in case you meet with her) to prevent her from having any suspicion that you are acting under orders, or that you have any special interest in watching her movements. You will be good enough to communicate this letter to the steward, and you are at liberty to repeat the instructions in it to any other trustworthy person, if necessary.

Yours truly, ROSAMOND FRANKLAND.

P.S.—I have left my room, and the baby is getting on charmingly.

"There!" said the housekeeper. "Who is to make head or tail of that, I should like to know! Did you ever, in all your experience, Mr. Munder, meet with such a letter before? Here is a very heavy responsibility laid on our shoulders, without one word of explanation. I have been puzzling my brains about what their interest in this mysterious woman can be the whole morning; and the more I think, the less comes of it. What is your opinion, Mr. Munder? We ought to do something immediately. Is there any course in particular which you feel disposed to point out?"

Mr. Munder coughed softly, crossed his right leg over his left, put his head critically on one side, coughed softly for the second time, and looked at the housekeeper. If it had belonged to any other man in the world, Mrs. Pentreath would have considered that the face which now confronted hers expressed nothing but the most profound and vacant bewilderment. But it was Mr. Munder's face, and it was only to be looked at confidingly, with sentiments of respectful expectation.

"I rather think—" began Mr. Munder.

"Yes?" said the housekeeper, eagerly.

Before another word could be spoken, the maid-servant entered the room to lay the cloth for Mrs. Pentreath's dinner.

"There, there! never mind now, Betsey," said the housekeeper, impatiently. "Don't lay the cloth till I ring for you. Mr. Munder and I have something very important to talk about, and we can't be interrupted just yet."

She had hardly said the word, before an interruption of the most unexpected kind happened. The door-bell rang. This was a very unusual occurrence at Porthgenna Tower. The few persons who had any occasion to come to the house on domestic business always entered by a small side gate, which was left on the latch in the daytime.

"Who in the world can that be!" exclaimed Mrs. Pentreath, hastening to the window, which commanded a side view of the lower door steps. The first object that met her eye when she looked out, was a lady standing on the lowest step—a lady dressed very neatly in quiet, dark colors.

"Good Heavens, Mr. Munder!" cried the housekeeper, hurrying back to the table, and snatching up Mrs. Frankland's letter, which she had left on it. "There is a stranger waiting at the door at this very moment! a lady or at least, a woman—and dressed neatly, dressed in dark colors! You might knock me down, Mr. Munder, with a feather! Stop, Betsey;—stop where you are!"

"I was only going, ma'am, to answer the door," said Betsey, in amazement.

"Stop where you are," reiterated Mrs. Pentreath, composing herself by a great effort. "I happen to have certain reasons, on this particular occasion, for descending out of my own place and putting myself into yours. Stand out of the way, you staring fool! I am going up stairs myself to answer that ring at the door."

I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HIM.

"I'll never forgive him—never!"

"Never is a hard word, John," said the sweet-faced wife of John Locke, as she looked up a moment from her sewing.

"He is a mean, dastardly coward, and upon this Holy Bible I—"

"Stop, husband. John! remember he is my brother; and by the love you bear me, forbear to curse him. He has done you wrong, I allow, but oh, John! he is very young and very sorry. The momentary shame you felt yesterday will hardly be wiped out with a curse. It will only injure yourself, John. Oh, please don't say any thing dreadful!"

The sweet-faced woman prevailed; the curse that hung upon the lips of the angry man was not spoken; but he still said, "I'll never forgive him—he has done me a deadly wrong."

The young man who had provoked his bitterness, humbled and repentant, sought in vain for forgiveness from him whom, in a moment of passion, he had injured almost beyond reparation. John Locke steeled his heart against him.

In his store sat the young village merchant, one pleasant morning, constantly, contentedly reading the morning paper. A sound of hurried footsteps approached; but he took no notice of it, until a hatless boy burst into the store screaming at the top of his voice, "Mr. Locke, Johnny is in the river—little Johnny Locke."

To dash down the paper and spring for the street, was the first impulse of the agonized father. On, on, like a maniac, he flew, till he reached the bank of the river, pallid and crazed with anguish. The first sight that met his eyes was little Johnny lying in the arms of his mother, who, with her hair hanging disheveled around her, bent wildly over her child. The boy was just saved. He breathed, and opening his eyes, smiled faintly in his mother's face; while she, with a choking voice, thanked God. Another form lay insensible, stretched near the child. From his head the dark blood flowed from a ghastly wound. The man against whom John Locke had sworn eternal hatred had, at the risk of his own life, been the savior of the child. He had struck a floating piece of driftwood as he came to the surface with the boy, and death seemed inevitable.

John Locke flung himself down on the green sward, and bent over the senseless form. "Save him," he cried, huskily, to the Doctor, who had been summoned; "restore him to consciousness if it be only one little moment—I have something important to say to him."

"He is reviving," replied the Doctor.

The wounded man opened his eyes—they met the anxious glance of the brother-in-law, and the pale lips trembled forth, "Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes; God is witness, as I hope for mercy hereafter, I freely forgive you, and in turn ask your forgiveness for my unchristian conduct."

A feeble pressure of the hand and a beaming smile was all the answer.

Many days the brave young man hung upon a slender thread of life; and never were there more devoted friends than those who hovered over the sick bed. But a vigorous constitution triumphed, and, pale and changed, he walked forth once more among the living.

"Oh, if he had died with my unkindness clouding his soul, never should I have dared to hope for mercy from my Father in Heaven!" said John Locke to his wife, as they sat talking over the solemn event that had threatened their lives with a living trouble. "Never—now I have tasted the sweetness of forgiveness—never again will I cherish revenge or unkindness toward the erring; for there is new meaning in my soul in the words of our daily prayer, and I see that I have only been calling *judgments upon myself* while I have impiously asked, 'Forgive us our trespasses, *as we forgive those who trespass against us.*'"

A HUSBAND AND FATHER.

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend, some miles distant.

"Henry; my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to-day; you will promise me, won't you?" said she, putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading glance.

"No, Millie, I will not; you may trust me."

And he wrapped his infant boy in a soft blanket, and they proceeded.

The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and pleasant conversation beguiled the way.

"Now, don't forget your promise," whispered the young wife, as she passed up the steps.

Poor thing! she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when it was red. But his love for his wife and babe, whom they both idolized, kept him back, and it was not often that he joined in the bacchanalian revelries.

The party passed off pleasantly, the time for departing drew near, and the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband. A pang shot through the trusting heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated—he had broken his promise.

Silently they rode homeward, save when the drunken man would break into snatches of song, or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed closely on her grieved heart.

"Give me the babe, Millie, I can't trust you with him," said he, as they approached a dark and somewhat swollen stream, which they had to ford.

After some hesitation, she resigned her first-born, her darling babe, closely wrapped in the great blanket, to his arms. Over the dark waters the noble steed safely bore them, and when they reached the bank the mother asked for the child.

With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms, but when she clasped it to her bosom no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not.

A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark waves, then sink forever.

What a spectacle! the idol of his heart gone—gone forever! and that, too, by his own intemperance. The anguish of the mother, and the remorse of the father, are better imagined than described.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Revolvers no new Invention.—Philip Skippon, who made a journey to the Low Countries in 1663, writes: "In the private armory at Venice there is a curious piece of cannon, not cast but bored; another gun, having one barrel and five breeches, *which may be turned round to the barrel*, and fired one after another as they are discharged; also a gun with sixty barrels." The same writer says, "In the armory at Collen (Cologne) we saw a triangular piece of wood, which could be turned round on an axis; set in a frame were fixed forty-two guns (fourteen on a side), useful in a lane or street. While one side is discharging the next row may be charging, for the muzzles of one row are just at the breech of the other." At Brussels, Skippon was shown, at the armory, a gun with seven barrels in it, formerly the property of Charles the Fifth; at the Arsenal at Venice, a large gun, with three, and another with seven bores. Skippon's book is found in Churchill's Collection of Voyages and Travels, published in 1744.

Query: Did not Colonel Colt obtain the idea of his famous weapon from the description or sight of some of these old arms? U. S. N.

Portland, *Feb.*, 1857.

Coleridge's Classification of Readers.—"Readers may be divided into four classes:

"1. Sponges, who absorb all they read, and return it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtied.

"2. Sand glasses, who retain nothing, and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time.

"3. Strain bags, who retain merely the dregs of what they read.

"4. Mogul diamonds, equally rare and valuable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also."—*New Lectures on Shakspeare.*

Female Novelists.—Lady Mary Wortley Montague says, "Every young lady who has read two novels can write a third." To cast a glance at the Book Notices in our papers, one would swear that what "every young lady" *can* do, she *has* done.

Antiquities of Kissing.—In ancient Rome, kissing was an act of religion. The nearest friend of a dying person performed the rite of receiving his soul by a kiss, supposing that it escaped through the lips at the moment of expiration, as many passages in the classical poets express. The sacredness of the kiss was inviolable for a long time, before it was degraded into a current form of salutation; and, if we may believe Pliny, its introduction as such was owing to the facility it gave to detect the degenerate Roman ladies, who (in violation of the old hereditary female delicacy of the Republic) indulged in secret potations of wine. It gradually became the common form of salutation among men, as it still continues to be in most Continental nations of Europe to this day. Among the early Christians the kiss resumed its importance. The kiss of peace was a sacred ceremony, observed upon the most solemn occasions; it was called *signaculum orationis*—the seal of prayer, and was a symbol of the mutual forgiveness and reconciliation required by the Church of all its members. In the Roman civil law the right of kissing was duly defined and protected. The kiss had all the virtue of a bond, granted as a seal to the ceremony of Betrothal, and if the contract was unfulfilled through default of the husband, he surrendered a moiety of the presents offered on that occasion, in expiation of the violence done to the modesty of the lady by a kiss. Thus Shakspeare makes Julia, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, after exchanging a ring with her lover, "seal the bargain with a holy kiss;" and traces of the same train of thought abound in the old English writers.

Macaulay and Dr. Johnson.—*Harper's Monthly* has put every one in possession of the great historian's life of the great moralist and lexicographer. While eagerly read as a piece of brilliant composition, evincing vast knowledge and skill, the impression is unavoidable that the tone of the sketch is signally unjust to Dr. Johnson, unnecessary prominence being given to the petty details of personal peculiarities, and every unpleasant feature in his "life and conversation" is dwelt upon with something like enjoyment. We can indicate a reason that may, perhaps, have influenced Macaulay in his harsh judgments unknown to himself. The Scotch surpass all nations in the strength of their feeling for "family," and tenacity to hereditary opinion. There is little doubt that, in this instance, all the family tradition would be unfavorable to Johnson, as he was unquestionably guilty of great rudeness and incivility to two of its members. Thomas Babington Macaulay is the son of Zachary Macaulay, the associate of Wilberforce and Clarkson in the abolition of slavery, whose father was the Rev. John Macaulay, a minister of the Scotch Church, who, at the time of Johnson's tour to the Hebrides, was clergyman of Inverary, while his brother, the Rev. Kenneth Macaulay, was pastor of Calder. The Doctor's intercourse with both brothers was marked with more than his usual roughness. The minister of Calder had written a book—still extant and referred to—"History of the Island of St. Kilda (1764)." This Dr. Johnson himself allowed to be "a very pretty piece of topography," though, from some whim, he declared that it was not written by the assumed author, and that there was "a combination in it of which Macaulay was not capable." In the account of his Journey to the Western Isles he briefly refers to the book, as "published" by Mr. Macaulay, in a manner that would be very offensive to an author unjustly accused of appropriating the labor of others, while there was, in reality, no shadow of evidence to support the charge. For conversational politenesses, we find in Boswell's faithful record, on an innocent remark of his host's: "The Doctor gave him a frowning look, and said, 'This is a day of novelties. I have seen old trees in Scotland, and I have heard the English clergy treated with disrespect.' And presently Dr. Johnson said, 'Sir, you are a bigot to laxness,'" etc. So much for the great uncle. With the historian's grandfather the Doctor's intercourse was of the same nature. It is not detailed by Boswell, except on one occasion, when discussing the difference between profession and practice. He says: "The Doctor grew warm, and said, 'Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature as not to know that a man may be very sincere in good principles without having good practice?'" And afterward he speaks of Mr. Macaulay as "not hurt or dismayed by his last night's correction;" so we may suppose it went still further in plain speaking. Such a man would not leave a pleasant remembrance in the minds of people who had done all in their power to conciliate him; and we have no doubt that Macaulay, while enlarging on the distasteful traits in the Doctor's character, is unconsciously giving utterance to, and perpetuating impressions that have descended, with traditional fidelity and freshness, from the time and circumstances to which we refer.

Editor Notes and Queries:

The Earliest American Republic.—The very amusing Sketch of Bermuda, which we owe to "Jones," in the twelfth number of *Harper's Weekly*, reminds one of an incident in the early history of that colony which you may think worthy of a note. If the question were propounded, Where was the first Republic in America established? scarcely any one—not "Jones" even, fresh from the spot, and its black-eyed (and black-faced) beauties—would answer, in Bermuda. Yet such is the truth, as a short and plain tale will show. After the death of Sir George Somers, in 1611, the party he had commanded abandoned the islands, and returned to England with the remains of their brave leader. Two men only remained, at the persuasion of a runaway criminal of their former crew. These three men are described by the old historian as "erecting their little commonwealth for a while with brotherly regency, repairing the ground, planting corn," etc.; but afterward, in the midst of their plenty, growing "so proud and ambitious" that, "though but three forlorne men, more than three thousand miles from their native country, and but small hope ever to see it again, they sometimes fell from words to blows about meere trifles; and in one of these fights one of them was bitten by his owne dog, as if the dumbe beast would reprove them of their folly. At last the two greater spirits must try it out in the field, but the third wisely stole away, affecting rather to live among his enemies, than, by being rid of them, live alone." In this miserable state they existed full two years, when an English vessel arrived, which they were glad to conduct safely into their harbor, and abdicate their State sovereignty in favor of the new-comers. So inauspiciously ended the first experiment of self-government in America.

Typo.

A New Word.—Successful attempts are making in England to shorten the roundabout phrase (now constantly needed), "A Telegraphic message" or "dispatch," by substituting in its place the word "*Telegram*," viz.: "At 5 P.M., I received a telegram from Boston," etc. Unless some one can suggest a better word, we hope to see this adopted, as it seems to have appropriateness and convenience to recommend it.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Rose Culture.—As a rule, a garden that produces good vegetables will also grow good roses. Cold, clayey soils are greatly improved by mixing with them a quantity of rotten dung and pit-sand. Liquid manure is one of the very best fertilizers for the rose, and may be safely applied at any time. Leaf-mould from the woods is also excellent, and powdered charcoal placed on top of the ground, where it may be washed down by rains, strengthens the growth and improves the color of most roses. The best and most suitable soil is a strong, deep loam, highly enriched with well-decomposed stable manure. Next to this, a stiff clay, if properly treated, is best; and light, sandy soils may be greatly improved by an admixture of clay and burned sods. But let the soil be what it may, it can seldom be made too rich; and should, in all cases, to insure success, be deeply trenched, and, if possible, thoroughly underdrained. A slight degree of shade, just sufficient to temper the sun's rays without destroying their heat, is highly beneficial; for which reason, the best exposure for a rose garden is a northern or eastern, rather than a southern one; as in the latter the color, and even the fragrance of the bloom is frequently injured; while in some instances, every bud is blasted, on the more delicate sorts, by the too direct heat of the sun.

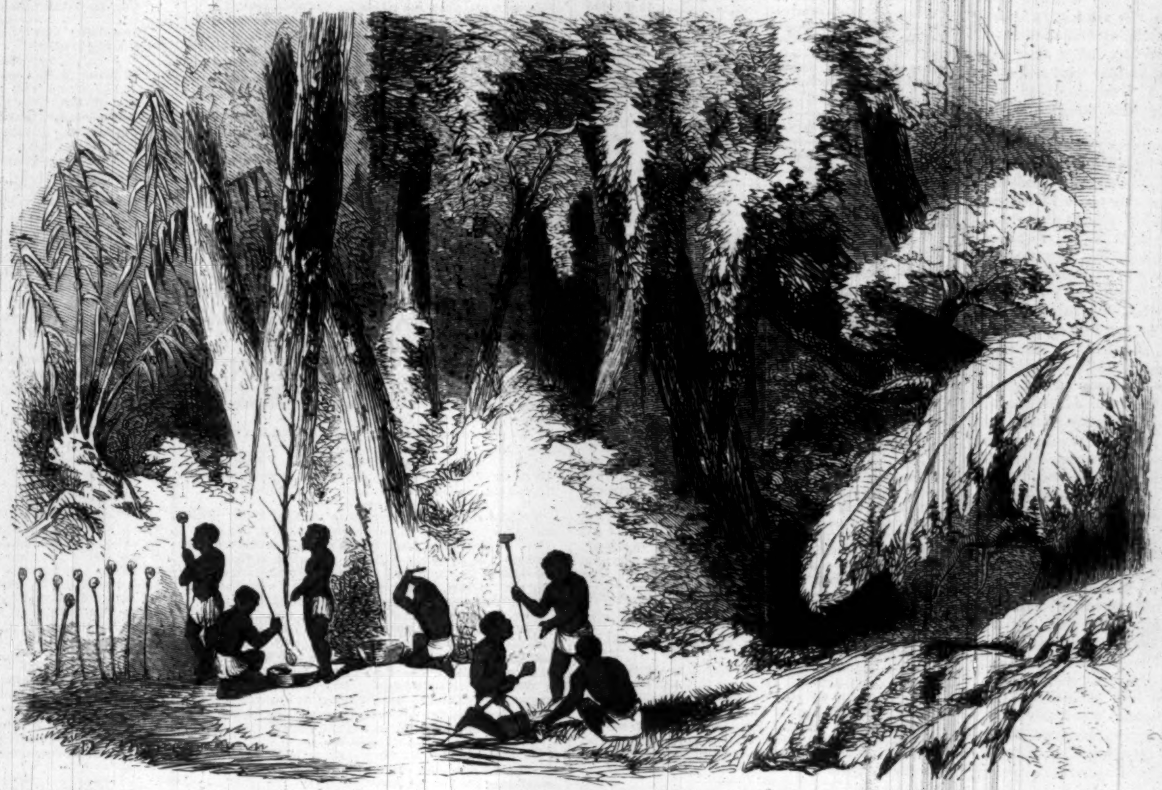
In planting, first dig a hole somewhat larger than the roots of your plant, then, having carefully pruned off with a keen knife all bruised or broken ends of roots, and cut back the top to correspond, place the plant tenderly beneath the soil. The roots must be artificially arranged in as natural a position as possible, concluding the operation by poking well pulverized soil into every crack and crevice. If the ground be very dry, pour on about half a pailful of soft water.

Watering, except immediately after planting, is seldom needful and often hurtful; but too much importance can not be attached to mulching the soil above the roots with moss, tan-bark, or sawdust, or litter of some kind, which should be frequently removed and the ground stirred on the surface, at the same time breaking with the foot or hoe every lump.

Roses succeed best when moved every few years; and, indeed, some gardeners move them every season. Rose bushes are much inclined to form long top roots; these, in transplanting, should be cut off, or bent over in order to encourage the growth of the more valuable side roots. Frequent transplanting is an excellent method of increasing many varieties.

To cure staggers in sheep: Dissolve assafœtida in water; take a table-spoonful of the liquor, after laying the sheep on its side, and turn it into the ear; after remaining in that position, say two minutes, turn it over and repeat the same in the other ear; this will restore the sight in ten minutes.

THE STORY OF INDIA RUBBER.



TAPPING THE RUBBER-TREE.

IF the English ever becomes a dead language, and is studied in books and dictionaries, no word will puzzle etymologists more than India rubber. The *savans* of the year 3000 A.D. will find that a species of shoe was called an India rubber; and they will hear of India rubber clothing, of India rubber bands, of India rubber utensils of all kinds; but how these articles came to bear such a name as rubber, and what India had to do with them—the raw material coming chiefly from America—they will be not a little embarrassed to explain. Judging from the efforts of our etymologists to account for Latin, Greek, ay, and English and French names, one may fancy these latter-day *savans* blundering famously over India rubber. It is not to be expected that at that distant day records will be extant of the times when India was the chief producer of caoutchouc, and when it was only used to rub out pencil-marks.

These times were thirty years ago. When men now in middle age were young boys, caoutchouc served no other purpose than the ignoble office of obliterating pencil-marks on paper. Bread would have answered better; though a white loaf might have seemed a singular piece of desk furniture. Even this use was only discovered a century after caoutchouc had been in the scientific cabinets of Europe. When M. de Condamine returned from South America, in 1731, and proclaimed that the juice of the *Siphonia elastica* might be turned to good account, practical people laughed at him. After these practical people died and were buried, however, other practical people arose, who tried little lumps of raw rubber on pencil-marks, and, being satisfied with the result, paid as much as five dollars the ounce for the despised substance. Most of us can remember the misshapen little balls which used to lie on office desks in the days of our grandfathers.

In these days the Amazon Indians wore India rubber shoes, and carried water in India rubber flasks. When they had tapped the trees and run the juice into a trough or trench, they plunged a clay "last" or flask into the liquid, withdrew it dripping, and left it to dry in the sun. When it was dry, they ducked it again, and let the second coating of liquid cool like the first. So on with a third or fourth, until the coat of caoutchouc appeared thick enough. They then broke the clay last or shape, and tried on the shoes or filled the flask.

Our people, and the English and French, would have been well pleased to do as much, but for two difficulties. When the rubber was hot it became soft and sticky; when it was cold, it became hard and inflexible as wood. Moreover, the rubber which reached the United States and England was in lumps of uneven size, and unequal consistency; no one could manage it: when it was required to hold, it tore and split; when the manufacturer wanted to cut or shape it, impurities and inequalities in the substance interfered with him. An unpromising article, and one which it was a sure sign of folly in a young man to meddle with, or to presume that God had intended for any use whatever in the economy of the world.

FICUS ELASTICA.

SIPHONIA ELASTICA.

But Mr. Thomas Hancock, full of confidence in the virtue of caoutchouc, invented a "masticator" with great iron teeth. Into the jaws of this monster he threw his misshapen lumps, scraps, cuttings, and shreds; a man set the teeth at work with a winch; they tore the caoutchouc to threads, and the heat generated by the tearing—which was as great as 280° Fahrenheit—cemented the mass into a homogeneous ball. Thus was the first difficulty overcome. Caoutchouc could now be cut—with a wet knife—into any shape that might be required.

Following close upon Hancock, Mr. Charles Mackintosh—whose name a few years since was a household word—succeeded in obtaining a satisfactory solution of caoutchouc in coal naphtha. This he used to cement together two layers of canvas or other fabric, and thus produced his water-proof goods. Coats, cloaks, cloths of all kinds, bags, beds, life-preservers, etc., were immediately made of this substance; it gave, at the time, great satisfaction, though it has long since gone out of date for most of these purposes. As it was air-tight as well as water-tight, the faculty seized upon it for beds for invalids; they were soft, certainly, but there was a slight difficulty; it was impossible to lie on them. The most skillful equilibrist rolled off on one side or the other. It was suggested that the difficulty might be overcome by letting part of the air escape. This was done, and an active man succeeded in lying down at full length. But at the first motion of his body the treacherous air tripped him, and over he went. The ludicrous difficulty was at last overcome by constructing the beds in cylindrical compartments. George the Fourth died on cushions of India rubber inflated, covered with Morocco leather.

By this time the manufacture of India rubber goods was very extensive in England. Clothing of all kinds, bands for machinery, surgical instruments, springs, belts, tubes, etc., etc., were in great demand. Captain Parry, trying to reach the Pole in the boats of the *Hecla*, partly ascribed the salvation of his crew to the excellence of the India rubber water-proof bags in which their provisions were inclosed, which protected them from injury when they fell into the water.

Yet India rubber is not water-proof. Mr. Hancock, the English manufacturer, had the curiosity to make an air-proof bag of sheet rubber, with an outside coating of fustian. This he filled with water, and hermetically sealed. He kept it for thirty years; then cut it open, and found it dry. The progress of the escape of the water is recorded in the following memoranda:

	Lb.	Oz.	Dr.
On 21st October, 1826, the bag weighed	1	1	4
" 25th " 1827, " " "	1	1	2
" 2d " 1835, " " "	1	0	0
" November, 1844, " " "	0	14	12
" October, 1849, " " "	0	13	4
" February, 1851, " " "	0	7	8
" May, 1854, " " "	0	3	14
" October, 1856, " " "	0	3	12.

Thus in thirty years the whole contents of the bag had evaporated. The rate of evaporation was thus three and a half per cent. per annum, which for ordinary practical purposes may be considered as equivalent to no evaporation at all.

In this country the manufacture of India rubber cloths was pushed with great vigor after 1830. Various companies were established, with large

THOMAS HANCOCK, THE ENGLISH INVENTOR.

CHARLES GOODYEAR, THE AMERICAN INVENTOR.

capitals, and quantities of clothing, bags, life-preservers, etc., were manufactured. But here, even more than in England, the changes of temperature proved fatal to the fabrics. In summer, a manufacturer would find a hundred coats stuck together so tightly that they would tear rather than part company; in winter, they became hard and stiff, and cracked into chips. The solvents used here were of various kinds—camphene being one of the most common.

There is dispute, of course, as to the discovery of the processes by which these difficulties were surmounted. On one side, Mr. Charles Goodyear is said to have labored for five years in the research of the secret, and at last to have discovered it by accidentally placing some pieces of rubber against a hot-stove, and noticing that they charred instead of melting. This discovery, combined with Mr. Hayward's previous adaptation of sulphur as a drier of rubber, is said by Mr. Goodyear's friends to have led him to invent the vulcanizing process.

On the other hand, the Englishman Hancock states that, during the winter of 1842 and 1843, he was strongly stimulated to the study of the question how to divest India rubber of its adhesiveness. He had been shown two bits of India rubber brought from America, which had been so "changed" as not to be affected by cold. He wrought in his laboratory unceasingly throughout the year 1843; feeling convinced—*though he had not analyzed the American specimens*—that sulphur and heat were the agents to be employed, he actually took out a patent for a new invention, in November, 1843, though he made no discovery till some weeks later. It was early in 1844 that he happened to immerse some strips of rubber in melted sulphur, and leaving them in the liquid till they had absorbed it freely, perceived, on withdrawing them, that they were "changed," and appeared hard and horny. The specification was filed on 21st May, 1844. Mr. Hancock avers that his partner, Mr. Brockedon, suggested the name "vulcanization" for the process, "as Vulcan, in some degree, represented the employment of sulphur and heat."

Mr. Goodyear claims to have made his discovery in 1839; but the first authentic evidence of the fact is the patent obtained in 1844. Of course, we do not pretend to adjudicate a dispute which has exercised so many lawyers' wits. It is curious, however, that both discoverers should have hit upon the same name for their discovery—vulcanization.

Whoever the discoverer was, the discovery was one of the very highest value. It not only added immensely to the comforts of civilized life, but instantly imparted great value to tracts of comparatively unknown country, and gave a signal impetus to the movement for the opening of Brazil and the Amazon. Caoutchouc became one of the most important articles of trade. The export from Para rose from half a million pounds in 1844 to a million in 1846, and to three millions and a half in 1855. It is more difficult to designate uses to which vulcanized India rubber is not applied than to enumerate the articles which are made of it. Sheets, bands, engine valves, printers' blankets, hose-pipe, tubes, bottles, carriage springs, buckets, buoys, shoes, thread, clothing of every kind, boats, tents, submarine armor, beds, cushions, surgical and musical instruments, toys, water-tanks, carpets, are some of the products of the soft vulcanized rubber. The hard material, which has the consistency of metal, and will receive as fine a polish as hard stone, yields us works of art of every kind —combs, powder-flasks, corkscrews, pens, canes, medical instruments, type, picture frames, flutes, etc., etc. One enthusiastic manufacturer believes that he will live to see wagons, houses, and ships of vulcanized rubber. The India rubber man is yet to come; but alas! India rubber consciences were invented long since.

Most of the rubber consumed in this country comes from Brazil, and other parts of South and Central America. We took from the port of Para, Brazil, last fiscal year, about 2,318,000 pounds, England somewhat less than 2,000,000 pounds. This is the produce of a beautiful tree, growing in the silent Amazon forests, to a height of fifty to sixty feet, and bearing a species of nut, resembling a walnut in size, pleasant to the taste, but suggestive of dysentery. It bears the name of the *Siphonia elastica*. It grows in groves; when the Indians have received an order for caoutchouc, they cut their way into one of these groves, and proceed to work by making long incisions in the bark of these trees at the height of a man's chest. A clay bowl is fastened at the bottom of the incision: if the tree be healthy, it will bleed a pint in the course of two or three hours; when the liquid ceases to run, a new incision is made lower down. Four incisions exhaust a tree; after it has been exhausted, it takes two years to recover. The contents of the bowls are poured into large vessels, and a fire of native nuts, containing much oil, is kindled. Forms—sometimes in the shape of bottles, sometimes mere boards—are then smeared with clay, dipped into the liquid—or milk, as the natives call it—and held over the flame till the coating dries. The whole is thus gradually consumed. In the liquid state, the milk is perfectly white; and if left to stand, a cream will form on the top as on common milk; but the drying process over the smoke turns it black.

The whole Valley of the Amazon, and its tributaries, is covered with these trees. Were that noble river opened to commerce, the supply of caoutchouc might be doubled, its uses enlarged, and its price reduced.

The island of Java, and some parts of the East India Company's Possessions, are also producers of caoutchouc. They get it from the *Ficus elastica*—a fine large tree, five to six feet in circumference, with spreading branches, which yields a pretty but apparently an unwholesome fig. The natives use the caoutchouc for shoes and utensils, and burn it instead of candles. The East India caoutchouc is less esteemed than that from Central and South America. We take about 340,000 pounds a year; Great Britain, a trifle more.

PROTESTANTS IN THE WORLD, 1855.

Great Britain	21,000,000
Ireland	2,000,000
Prussia	10,000,000
German States	11,000,000
Austrian empire	3,000,000
Denmark	2,500,000
Sweden and Norway	4,600,000
Holland and Belgium	2,500,000
Switzerland	1,500,000
France	2,500,000
Russian empire	1,200,000
British America	1,750,000
Greece and Asiatic Islands	500,000
United States of America	21,000,000
Africa and its Islands	700,000
West Indies and Guinea	1,000,000
India, Ceylon, and China	500,000
Australia and Polynesia	1,000,000
Total Protestants in the world	88,250,000

ROMAN CATHOLICS IN 1855.

Rome and the Papal States	8,000,000
Italian States: Tuscany, Modena, and Parma	2,750,000
Naples and Sicily	8,750,000
Sardinia	5,000,000
Austrian empire: German States	11,000,000
" Hungary	10,000,000
" Italy	5,000,000
" Poland	4,000,000
Spain	14,000,000
Portugal	3,500,000
France	33,000,000
Belgium and Holland	4,500,000
Prussia	6,000,000
Switzerland	1,000,000
Russian empire	2,000,000
Great Britain and Ireland	5,000,000
Turkish empire	3,000,000
South American States	23,000,000
North America and Canada	2,500,000
India and China	3,000,000
West Indies and Hayti	2,500,000
Total Romanists in the world	150,000,000

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A COUNTRYMAN passing from Syracuse to Oswego over the Oswego Railroad, and observing that the cow-catcher was attached to the rear car, instead of being in the customary place in front of the train, inquired of a fellow-passenger the reason. Inasmuch as the road is a "slow coach," the reply given will be appreciated. "The reason, Sir, is to prevent the cows on this road from running into the train."

John Phœnix says of sleighing, that "this mode of progression, rendered necessary by the deep snows, is considered a great amusement in the North. Being particularly dangerous to life and limb, and usually terminating in pulmonary consumption, the pastime is very properly called *sleighing*."

Somebody speaking of the new cent, says: "They are a beautiful coin, all but the eagle, and he seems to be going somewhere in a desperate hurry, probably because he is on a new s-cent."

A member of the Irish Parliament met the reproach of selling his country by "thanking God that he had a country to sell."

In London, Reynolds, the dramatist, observing the thinness of the house at one of his pieces, said, "I suppose it is owing to the war?" "No," was the reply, "it is owing to the piece."

A morning paper, in a recent notice, evidently intending to be complimentary to a washing company, whose works it was describing, says: "It matters not how dirty the work is, the company are prepared to do it."

A story is told of Mr. Marcy, to the effect, that as Ex-Secretaries Guthrie and Marcy were returning from a dinner party since the 4th, the conversation turned upon the subject of rotation in office, and Mr. G. asked Mr. M. what he thought of the policy. Mr. Marcy replied that he "had got the credit of originating the doctrine 'to the victors belong the spoils,' but Heaven forbid that he should ever countenance the pillaging of our own camp!"

The New York *Mirror* states that Jack Slingerland, a pure-blooded African, a sort of *protegé* of Hon. John T. Slingerland, of Bethlehem, N. Y., who, though black as the ace of spades, is a freeholder and well to do, has recently eloped with the white daughter of a neighbor, and been united to the fair lass in bonds matrimonial. Jack is 23, the young lady 17.

An Irish jockey, who was "fetlock deep in the turf," being elated with his success at winning a race, observed: "Be me soul, I'm *first* at *last*—I've always been *behind before*."

A little wretch who had, for the first time in his life, heard the scripture story of Elijah and the bears, sat down on the doorstep until an old man went by, when he called out, "Go up, old bald head!" Then, dodging as quickly as he could within the door, he called out, "Now bring on your bears!"

Boston folks are talking of indicting the Speaker of the lower branch of the Massachusetts Legislature "for keeping a disorderly house."

A man is said to have lately slumped in through the awfully deep mud in one of the streets of New York, and was thought to be lost. But a by-stander ran to a neighboring store, and got a patent cork-screw, invented for the purpose, and drew him out. He is doing well.

Colonel Lane, of Kansas notoriety, is married again, his former wife, from whom he had been divorced, being his bride.

The *Boston Post* has the following audacious paragraphs:

"The first marriage of a Hindoo widow that ever occurred in Calcutta, took place on the 7th of December. The parties in this transaction are of the highest respectability, and this will prove a marked event in the history of Hindostan."

The above paragraph, which relates a very notable fact, reminds us of a clever epigram, which is said to have been written by Canning, the celebrated English statesman, poet, and wit:

"As in India, one day, an Englishman sat,
With a smart native lass at the window;
'Do your widows burn themselves? pray tell me that?'
Said the pretty, inquisitive Hindoo.
'Do they burn?' the gentleman said,
'With a flame not so easy to smother—
Our widows the moment one husband is dead,
Immediately burn—for another!'"

The Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, in a letter to that journal, says:

"I understand that, in deference to Gov. Gardner's recommendation to the clergy to preach on Fast Day on the subject of individual sins, the Reverend Theodore Parker will on that day take up the subject of *lying*."

The gentleman who "fired at random" did not hit it; and, in disgust, he lent his rifle to the youth who determined to "aim at immortality."

The Garrote Cotillion is the name of a new cotillion which is being practiced in this city. The ladies swing corners. Having done this, the gents place their arms around their necks and kiss them on the left cheek. Young ladies screech, and fall into young gentlemen's arms. Gentlemen seize young lady round the waist and waltz to their seats. If we are not much mistaken the garrote cotillion will become a very popular institution. The world moves.

Among the visitors to Mr. Buchanan, during the past week, was Mr. James Maher, the public gardener, who presented the President elect with a beautiful bouquet. "Jimmy" was honored by "Buck" with a seat in his arm-chair, and then the following dialogue ensued:

BUCK. "Well, Jimmy, this is really a handsome present, and if I only had a lady to bestow it upon, it would be still more valuable in my estimation than what it is."

JIMMY. "Mr. President elect, by the powers we have taken care of the Buck, it is now for you to look for a doe."

A collector from the city of New York, rather fastidious in his taste about what he ate and drank, happened lately to be on a tour through the Sucker State, and stopping one day at a rather comfortable-looking log-house, he inquired of a respectable-looking elderly lady if he could procure dinner there.

"Well," says she, "I think you may get it easy, if you've got enough to pay for it."

He showed her that the needful was in his possession, and she bade him "git off his hoss and tote himself into the house."

He accordingly did so, set himself down to await his preparation. Every thing was spread out in pretty good style, and he promised himself a perfect rural feast. The hostess brought in a pan of new milk to drink, and commenced dipping it out in bowls with a gourd; as she filled her guest's bowl, she discovered that she had dipped up a small mouse, and taking hold of it affectionately by the tail, she stripped down the milk off it into his drinking-cup, heaved a sympathetic sigh, tossed it through the window, and exclaiming, "Poor thing!" set the bowl before the Yorker.

"Why, madam," said he, "you don't think I'm going to drink that?"

"And why not?" inquired the hostess. "Well, if your city folks ain't too nice to live! Our boys, bless you, don't mind 'em no mor'n if they wur mosquitoes!"

A village schoolmaster announced one day to his scholars that a visitor was coming soon to examine them.

"If he questions you in geography," remarked the teacher, "he probably will ask you what is the shape and form of the earth, and if you do not remember, you only have to cast your eyes at me, and I will show you my snuff-box to remind you that it is round."

Now, the teacher had two snuff-boxes—one round, which he used on Sundays, and the other a square one, which he carried on the secular days of the week. The fatal day came; the visitor, as the master had foreseen, asked one of the scholars the form of the earth. He was at first a little embarrassed; but looking toward the master, who exhibited his snuff-box, he immediately answered without the least hesitation: "Sir, it is round Sundays, and square the rest of the week."

He that marries for beauty alone is like buyers of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

"Won't you *take* my word, Sir, when I tell you I will call and liquidate your demand on Saturday morning next?" said a delinquent debtor to a dunning creditor, with whom he had sharp words.

"No, Sir," replied the other, "I had rather you would *keep* your word."

Mr. Moore was comforted on the receipt, from his lady-love, of this little Moore-ish ballad:

"Take courage man! don't droop and sigh,
And your lone star deplore;
'Tis true I have a dozen beaux,
Yet I have room for Moore."

Western Australia, though ready enough to accept male convicts, positively refuses to have any thing to do with the females; thus supplying a curious illustration of Pope's line, which has been so much criticised,

"A shameless woman is the worst of men."

ALL TIPSY BUT ME.

(From the German.)

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night;
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight;
Right hand and left hand are both out of place—
Street, you are drunk; 'tis a very clear case.

Moon, 'tis a very queer figure you cut;
One eye is staring while t'other is shut;
Tipsy, I see, and you are greatly to blame;
Old as you are, 'tis a horrible shame.

Then the street lamps—what a scandalous sight!
None of them soberly standing upright;
Rocking and staggering—why, on my word,
Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord.

All is confusion; now isn't it odd!
Nothing is sober that I see abroad;
Sure it were rash with the crew to remain,
Better go into the tavern again.

An Emeralder, in writing his life, says, "He ran away early from his father, because he discovered he was only his uncle."

Mrs. Opie said, talking of Byron, "His voice was such a voice as the devil tempted Eve with: you feared its fascinations the moment you heard it!"

An Irishman, trying to put out a gas-light with his fingers, cried out,

"Och, murther! ther's niver a wick in it?"

"Woman! If we have her for a toast, we won't ask for any *but-her*!"

A schoolboy being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied:

"If you please, Sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system—the heavy strokes upward, and the down ones light."

During a siege, a water-carrier was crying his water through the town, "Six sous a gallon! six sous a gallon!" By-and-by a bomb-shell carried off one of his barrels, whereupon, without moving a muscle of his face, he continued, "Twelve sous a gallon! twelve sous a gallon!"

It is somewhere related that a poor soldier, having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible.

"Do write to father," he replied, "and tell him of it, for he always said I had no brains."

"Sonny, where is your father?"

"Father's dead, Sir."

"Have you any mother?"

"Yes, I had one, but she's got married to Joe Dankin, and don't be my mother any more; 'cause she says she's got enough to do to tend to his own young uns!"

"Smart boy! here's a penny for you."

"That's ye, Sir; it's the way I get my livin'!"

"How?"

"Why, by tellin' big yarns to green uns like you!"

One can hardly realize the idea of such a man as General Washington listening to a "Caudle lecture" from his wife; but Mrs. Kirkland, in her late "Life of Washington," gives a piquant instance of the kind, which, if true, deserves to be remembered by other and more ordinary mortals as a consolation in their domestic troubles. She says that a guest at Mount Vernon, lying awake one night, heard Mrs. Washington deliver a very animated rebuke to her husband—in fact, she scolded him severely. General Washington listened to all in profound silence; then, with a sigh, gayly said, "Now, a good night to you, my dear."

A country lecturer, some years since, thus described part of his apparatus: "Now, gentlemen, this here wessel is full of air, and that 'ere wessel is full of waccum."

"Madam," said a doctor one day to the mother of a sweet, healthy babe, "the ladies have deputed me to inquire what you do to have such a happy, uniform good child?" The mother mused for a moment over the strangeness of the question, and then she replied, simply and beautifully: "Why, God has given me a healthy child, and I LET IT ALONE."

Daniel Parsell, the punster, being desired to make a pun extempore, asked:

"Upon what subject?"

"The King," was the answer.

"Oh, Sir," replied Daniel, "the King is not a subject."

The speaker who "took the floor" has been arrested for stealing lumber.

Pitt being in company with the Duchess of Gordon, who spoke the Scottish dialect in the broadest manner, she told him that some of her family had gone to France, and was asked by him why she was not of the party. She said, in answer, "That it was very awkward to be in a country and not know the language." "Why, said Mr. Pitt, "your Grace has not found any such inconvenience in England."

"Mr. Showman, what is that?" "That, my dear, is the Rinocerow. He is cousing German or Dutch relative to the Unicorn. He was borne in the desert of Sary Anne, and fed on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous, and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else, unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country much against his own will, which accounts for his low spirits when he is melancholy or dejected. He is now very aged, although he has seen the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to survey the wisdom of Providence, as displayed in the ring-tailed monkey, a hanimal that can stand 'anging like a fellow-critter, only its reversed."

A poor Irishman seeing a crowd of people approaching asked what was the matter. Pat was answered, "A man is *going* to be buried." "Oh," replied he, "I'll stay to see that, for we *carry* them to be buried in our country."

An old farmer—one who feared neither God nor man—had hired a devout negro; and, to get some Sunday work out of him, would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday morning would put this case to the man's conscience. One morning Sambo proved refractory. "He would work no more on Sunday." The master argued with him that it was a case of "necessity"—that the Scripture allowed a man to get out of a pit on a Sabbath day a beast that had fallen in. "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spent Saturday in digging for de berry purpose."

The elder Grattan once lodged in a neighborhood where there was a gibbet. Being in the habit of apostrophizing trees and other objects that fell in his way, he was one day found addressing the emblem of that fatal noose. On a sudden he found himself tapped on the shoulder, when turning round a person asked him, with apparent eagerness, "How upon earth did you get down?"

The man who burst into tears has been put together again.

A man up in the country has been so frightened with a mad dog that he is afraid of the bark of a tree.

Mrs. Partington having heard her son say that there were a great many anecdotes in the new Almanac, begged him to cut them all out and preserve them, as she had heard that when any body was poisoned, nothing was necessary but to give him an anecdote, and it would cure him.

An eminent lawyer having had the degree of Doctor of Laws offered to him, writes:

"I have had the offer of being made an LL.D., but I will not be bothered with such *pot-hooks and trammels* hanging to my name like chains to a malefactor. I can not fly the kite of my imagination with such a ponderous appendage to its tail; nor climb up Parnassus with such crooked and heavy things made fast to my cue, or the skirt of my coat. A.B. I can pocket; and A.M. I might easily carry; but let me be spared from two right-angled triangles and half of a hoople, eternally clattering about my heels. I have got a lawyer's opinion, that one *can not* be doctored against his will, by either a College or an apothecary; so they may both let me alone."

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked a Dutch justice.

"Not guilty."

"Den, vat de tyful do you here? Go about mit your pizness!"

"Sambo, whar you get dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?"

"How you know I hab watch?"

"'Case I seed de chain hang out in front."

"Go way! Suppose you see halter round my neck, you tink dar's horse inside of me?"

"Is he alive?" inquired a little boy, one day, as he gazed on a large turtle crawling in front of a restaurant.

"Alive!" exclaimed a fat gentleman, who was looking at the monster with intenser interest, "sartinly, sartinly, boy. He acts like a live turtle, don't he?"

"Why, yes, he *acts* like one," answered the little querist, "but I thought perhaps he was *makin' believe*."

There is a belief among the most ignorant of the French peasantry in the Haute Marne, that a lantern made of the skull of a young child will render the person who carries it invisible. A farm laborer, named Vautrin, in the commune of Heuilley le Grand, was condemned to death by the Court of Assizes, on Friday, for the murder of a baby eleven months old, the child of his master; and the evidence showed that he had stolen the child out of its cradle, and hacked off its head for this purpose.

"John," said a doting parent to her rather insatiable boy, "can you eat that pudding with impunity?" "I don't know," replied young hopeful, "but I guess I can with a spoon."

The man whose feelings were "worked up," has ordered a fresh supply.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, March* 30, 1857.

THE week, in commercial and financial circles, has been a tolerably quiet one. The imports and exports compare as follows with the operations of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Mar. 28, 1857	$4,567,699	$2,284,940
Corresponding week, 1856	4,391,637	1,097,968
Increase this year	$176,062	$1,186,972

The specie movement has been very light, less than fifty thousand dollars having been sent abroad from this port, while several parcels have arrived here in transitu to the West Indies. The specie in the Bank is not varying much. Exchange is quiet and steady: money about the same as last week.

There has been a pretty strong upward movement in the speculative stocks to-day, but not enough to regain the lost ground of the past two weeks. A generally growing distrust in many of the speculative railroad securities begins to be very plainly felt, and the street is becoming richer in stock.

The report of the Illinois Central Railway Company has been published, and is attracting a good deal of attention. It is a model of a Railroad Report, and supplies the fullest information on every point of interest. The following general balance sheet will give some idea of the actual condition of the enterprise:

Dr.	Up to last Report.	In 1856.	Total.
Permanent Expenditures	$19,139,365 32	$2,308,584 15	$21,447,949 47
Interest Account	1,235,081 09	388,456 52	1,623,537 61
Interest Fund	....	28,852 60	28,852 60
Total	$20,374,446 41	$2,725,893 27	$23,100,339 68

Cr.			
Capital Stock	$2,271,050 00	$987,565 00	$3,258,615 00
Construction Bonds ($16,373,500)	14,682,888 13	116,056 68	14,798,944 81
Free Land Bonds ($3,000,000)	2,079,876 61	....	2,079,876 61
Optional Right Scrip ($872,000)...	....	826,673 75	826,673 75
Net Floating Liabilities..	1,340,631 67	795,597 84	2,136,229 51
Total....	$20,374,446 41	$2,725,893 27	$23,100,339 68

Note.—To final total cost of Road, add to outlay as above, amounting to	$23,100,339 68
Loss on issue of Construction Bonds	1,574,555 19
Loss on issue of Free Land Bonds	920,123 39
Loss on the issue of Optional Right Scrip	45,326 25
Amount carried to Interest Fund from Capital in '51	300,000 00
Total	$25,940,344 51

Of the 170,000 shares stock, 29,653 are reserved for the optional rights. The payments on the remainder up to January 1 have been $30 00 per share on 12,266 shares; $25 00 on 127,489 shares; $20 00 on 30 shares, and $5 00 on 562 shares. The last call of $5 00 per share was not due at the time this statement was made up. Of the construction bonds, $12,885,000 bear 7 per cent. interest, and $4,115,000 bear 6 per cent.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, March* 30, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have exhibited no remarkable improvement during the past week. With increasing supplies, and a growing eagerness among factors to dispose of them, Breadstuffs have fallen off in value materially, closing tamely and with a downward tendency. Western Canal Flour is down to $5 60 @ $6 40 for ordinary to fancy, and $6 00 @ $8 25 for low to choice extra brands per barrel. Superfine to extra Canadian is worth but $6 00 @ $7 50; and mixed to extra Southern $3 20 @ $8 50 per barrel. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet and languid at previous quotations. Wheat is more sought after, but at reduced prices. The nominal range for all kinds is from $1 45 @ $1 70 for White, and $1 20 @ $1 50 for Red, per bushel. The available supply, though not heavy, is in excess of the requirements of buyers. Corn opened pretty briskly, but irregularly, while toward the close it meets with a ready market at strengthening rates, this day's currency being 69 @ 70 c. for old Western mixed, in store; 66 @ 68 c. for mixed Southern; 66 @ 73 c. for new and old Yellow; and 67 @ 73 c. for new and old White, per bushel. Rye is salable and firm, at 88 @ 90 c. per bushel. Barley is worth $1 55 @ $1 62½, in lots, per bushel, being scarce and in demand. Barley Malt is still rare and needed at from $1 70 @ $1 80 per bushel. Oats are moderately inquired for and are heavy, at 54 @ 55 c. for Western; 52 @ 54 c. for State; 51 @ 53 c. for Jersey; and 49 @ 51 c. for Southern, per bushel. Cotton has been in fair demand throughout the week. Prices opened firmly and buoyantly, but close heavily and in favor of buyers. Middling Uplands, 14 @ 14¼ c.; do. Gulfs, 14¼ @ 14½ c.; and other kinds, proportionate prices, per pound. Provisions have been moderately dealt in, and some of the leading kinds have slightly improved. Mess Pork brings $23 75 @ $24 00; and Prime do. $19 25 per barrel. Country Mess Beef has risen to $12 75 @ $14 00; and Prime do. $10 75 @ $11 50 per barrel. Prime Mess Beef is up to $24 00 @ $28 50 per tierce. Beef Hams close at $23 00 @ $24 00 per barrel. Prime Lard, in barrels, is worth 14½ c. per pound. A slightly increased demand has existed for most other varieties of domestic produce at former rates.

The Live Stock Market lacked vigor. The supply, especially of inferior cattle, was in excess of the wants of purchasers. Factors were anxious to sell, and they disposed of their Stock only by reducing their claims. The demand was, for the most part, regular. Speculation was, in a measure, dead. The week's receipts—according to returns from the principal markets—reached 3009 Beeves, 382 Milch Cows, 761 Veal Calves, 4100 Sheep and Lambs, and 1183 Swine, against 3372 Beeves, 348 Milch Cows, 748 Veal Calves, 5386 Sheep and Lambs, and 912 Swine the preceding week. Illinois, Ohio, New York, and Indiana furnished the bulk of the stock offered the last market day. The range of prices of Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Wednesday last was from 8½ c. for the poorest, to 12½ c. for premium cattle, the general average having been 10 c., or ½ c. per pound under that of the preceding week. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, were still more freely offered than needed, and prices continued to favor purchasers. The main sales of the week were at prices ranging from $28 00 for common to $70 00 for extra, each. These sales were regarded as indicating a further falling off in value of from $3 00 @ $5 00, each animal. Veal Calves were quite plenty and heavy, at from 5 @ 7½ c. per pound. Sheep and Lambs arrived rather sparingly, and were firm, though not briskly sought after. Slaughtered and dressed Sheep and Lambs came in quite freely, and satisfied most of the wants of buyers, thereby offsetting the comparative scarcity of good live stock. Swine were in better supply, and obtainable at 7¼ @ 7½ c. for live, and 9½ @ 10 c. for dressed, per pound. The demand was moderate.

The Country Produce Market displayed considerable activity at steady prices for most articles. Potatoes were less freely offered than needed, and they were on the advance. Besides the regular inquiry from consumers, there exists an increasing demand from parties in want of good qualities for seed. Apples were in light supply, and quoted very dear, but not remarkably brisk. These were the only really novel features in the business of the week.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, common to good, per barrel..	$2 50	@	$4 50
" good to extra, per barrel	$4 50	@	$6 00
" Dried, State, per pound.....	10	@	12
" " Southern, per pound .	8	@	10
Cranberries, per barrel	$11 00	@	$14 00
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound...	13	@	15
" " (unpeeled), per pound.	8½	@	9
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	$1 00	@	$1 75
Potatoes, per barrel................	$1 75	@	$4 00
" Sweet, per barrel..........	$5 50	@	$6 00
Onions, Red, per barrel.............	$3 00	@	—
" Yellow, per barrel..........	$3 25	@	$3 50
" White, per barrel	$3 50	@	$4 00
" per 100 strings	$4 00	@	—
Washed Carrots, per barrel.........	$1 25	@	$1 50
Beets, per barrel	$2 00	@	$2 25
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 50	@	$1 75
Turnips, per barrel.................	50	@	$1 25
Cabbages, per 100	$4 00	@	$8 00
Celery, per dozen	75	@	$1 25
Garlic, per 100 bunches.............	$7 00	@	—
Pumpkins, per 100	$15 00	@	$20 00
Sweet-corn, per bushel	$6 50	@	—
Tomatoes, per box	$1 75	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound	17	@	22
" State, per pound	20	@	30
Cheese, State, per pound............	13	@	14
Lard, per pound.....................	14	@	15
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen..............	17	@	18
Fowls, per pound....................	12	@	18
Ducks, Domestic, per pound..........	18	@	20
Turkeys, per pound	9	@	18
Geese, per pound	10	@	14
Pigeons, per dozen	90	@	$1 25
Quail, per dozen	$2 00	@	$2 25
Partridges, per pair................	62½	@	75
Prairie Hens, per pair	50	@	60
Hares, per pair.....................	50	@	62½
Beef, per pound	7	@	9
Mutton, per pound	8	@	10
Lamb, per pound	8	@	9
Veal, per pound	10	@	12
Pork, per pound.....................	8½	@	10½
Venison, carcass, per pound	5	@	7
" saddle, per pound	8	@	10
Bear Meat, per pound	18	@	22

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